

A gorgeous Gallery,
of gallant Inuentions.

Garnished and decked with
diuers dayntie deuises, right
Delicate and Delightfull, to re-
create eche modest minde
withall.

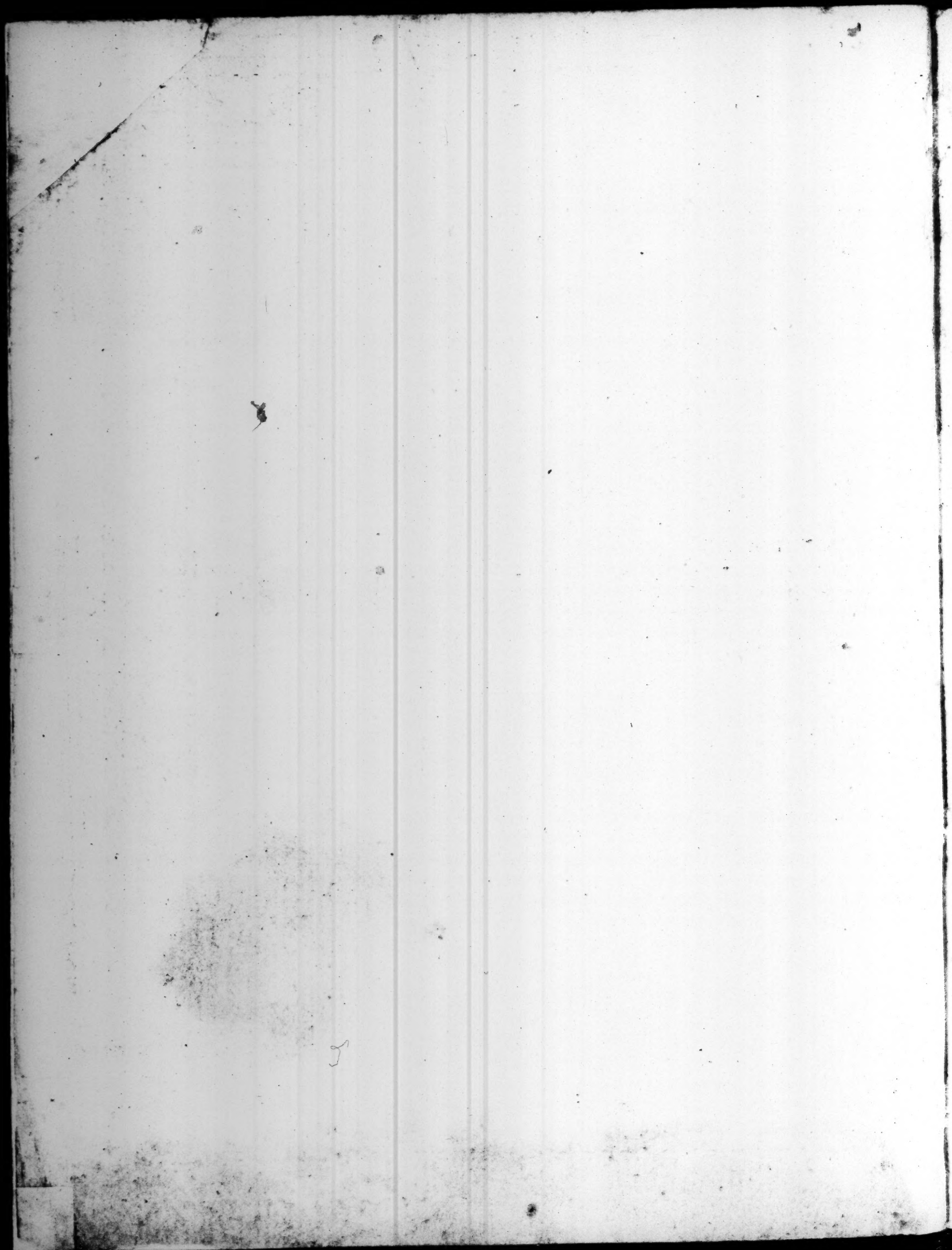
First framed and fashioned in
sundrie forines, by diuers worthy
workemen of late dayes: and now,
iynned together and
builded vp:

By T. P.

Imprinted at London,
for Richard Iones.

1578.





A. M. Vnto all yong Gentilmen,
in commendacion of this Gallery
and workemen therof.

SEE Gallants, see, this Gallery of Delightes,
With buyldings brane, in host of variant hie :
With daynties deckt, deuise by worthy wights,
(Which) as time serue, vnto perfection grew.
By studies toyle with phrases fine they fraught :
This peereles peece, filde full, of pretty pith :
And trinde it, (with) what skill, and learning taught,
In hope to please your longing mindes therewith.
Which workemanship, by worthy workemen wrought,
(Peruse) least in obliuion it should ly :
A willing minde, eche part togeather sought,
And serinde (the whole) A gorgious Gallerye :
Wherin you may, to recreate the minde,
Such fyne Inuentions finde, for your delight :
That, for desert, their dooings will you binde,
To peeke them prayse, so well a worke to wright.

FINIS. A. M.

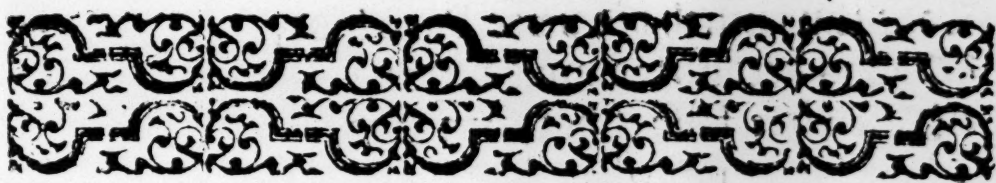
Owen Roydon to the curious
company of Sycophantes.

THe busie Bees whose paynes doe neuer misse,
But toyle their time the winters want to wiede :
And heape in hiues, the thing that needfull is,
To feede their flocke till winter bee exile :
Somtimes the Drones the Hony combs doe eate,
And so the Bees must starue for want of meate.

To curious Sycophantes..

The drowſie Drones doo neuer take ſuch toyle,
But lye at lurch, like men of Momus minde :
Who rudely read and raſhly put to foyle,
What worthy workes, ſo euer they doo finde :
Which workes would pleaſe the learned ſorte full well,
But ſicophantes will neuer ceaſe to ſwell.
Though (learnedly) themſelues be voyde to write,
And haue not knowen the height of Hellicon :
Yet, carpingly, they needes muſt ſpit their ſpite,
Or els their former force, (they iudge) is gon :
Who only liue, the ſeelly Bees t'annoy,
And eate the meate, wheron the Bees ſhould ioy.
(Depart from hence) that curſed kinde of crew,
And let this Booke, embrace his earned meede :
Which was ſet forth (for others) not for you,
What likes them beſt, that only ſor to reade :
And let the reſt, without rebuke to paſſe,
And helpe t'amend the thing that blameleſſe was.
(A P P E L L E S) might ſuffiſe, to warne you wel,
(who) while hee was a paynting in his Shop :
Came in (a Sowter) who began to ſwell,
And viewd his Image all from toe to top :
And ſcofte at this, and did miſlike at that,
Of many a fault the Champion gan to chat.
At length (Appelles) angry with his man,
Diſliked much and gaue him anſwere ſo :
(Talke thou of that, wherin ſome ſkill thou can)
Vnto the flipper (Sowter) only go :
The ſaucye (Sowter) was abaſhed much,
And afterward, his talke was nothing ſuch.
So? (Momus thou) no further then thy marke,
And talke no more, then ſkill doth giue thee leaue :
But in thy hart, there is a burning ſparke,
And (whiles thou liueſ) that ſickeneſſe will thee greaue :
But doo thy worſt, and doo no more but right,
The learned route, wil laughe at thy deſpight,

FINIS. O. R.



THE GALLERY *of gallant Inventions.*

To a Gentilwoman that sayd : All men be false,
they thinke not what they say.




Some women sayne that Paris was,
The falsest louer that could bee :
Who for his (life) did nothing passe,
As all the world might playnly see :
But ventred life and limmes and all,
To keepe his friend from Greekish thrall :
With many a boye hee dearely bought,
His (Hellen) whom hee long had sought.
For first (Dame Venus) graunted him,
A gallant gifte of Beauties store :
Which boldly for to seeke to win,
By surging Seas hee sayd to Greece :
And when hee was arriued there,
By earnest sute to win his Deare :
No greater paynes might man endure,
Then Paris did, for Hellen sure.
Besides all this when they were well,
Both hee, and shee, arriued at Troy :
Kinge Menelaus wrath did swell,
And swoze, by sword, to rid their ioyes :
And so hee did for ten yeres space,
Hee lay before the Troyans face :
With all the hoste that hee could make,
To bee reueng'd for Hellen's sake.

The gorgious Gallery

Loe? thus much did poore Paris bide,
Who is accounted most batrue :
All men bee false it hath bin sayd,
They thinke not what they speake (say you)
Yes Paris spoke, and sped with speede,
As all the heavenly Gods decreed :
And prou'd himselfe a Louer iust,
Till stately Troy was turnd to dust :
I doe not reade of any man,
That so much was vnfaithfull found :
You did vs wrong, & accuse vs than,
And say our frendship is not sound :
If any fault bee found at all,
To womens lot it needes must fall :
If (Hellen) had not bin so light,
Sir Paris had not died in fight.
The falsest men I can excuse,
That euer you in stories reade :
Therefore all men for to accuse,
Nee thinkes it was not well decreede :
It is a signe you haue not tride,
What stedfastnesse in men doth bide :
But when your time shal try them true,
This iudgment then, you must renue.
I know not euery mans deuise,
But commonly they stedfast are :
Though you doe make them of no pze,
They breake their vowes but very rare :
They will perfoyme theyz promis well,
And specially where loue doth dwell :
Where frendship doth not iustly frame,
Then men (forsooth) must beare the blame.

FINIS. O. R.

of gallant Inuentions.

 The lamentable loue abiding in the
bitter bale of direfull doubts towards
his Ladyes loyalty, writeth vnto her as followeth.

Health I thee send, if hee may giue, y^e which himself doth misse :
For thy sweet brest, doth harbor whole, my bloody bale or blisse,
I neede no scribe, to scriue my care, in restlesse rigour spread :
They that behold, my chaunged cheare, already iudge mee dead.
My baned limmes, haue yielded vp, their wanted ioy to dye :
My healthles hand, doth nought but wring, & dye my dropping eye,
The deadly day, in dole I passe, a thousand times I craue
The noysome night: agayne I wish, the dolefull day to haue.
Eche howze to mee, most hatefull is, eche place doth bge my wo :
No fode mee feeds, close vp mine eyes, to gastly graue I go.
No Physikes art, can giue the salue, to heale my paynfull part :
Saue only thou, the salue and soze, of this my captive hart,
Thou art the bzanck y^e sweetly springs, whose hart is sound & true
Can only cheare mee wofull wight, or soze my want to rue.
Then giue to mee, the sap I thirste, which gift may giue mee ioy,
I mean thy firme, & saythful loue, whose want breeds mine annoy,
Remember yet sure friendship had, ypast betwene vs twayne
Forget him not, for loue of thee, who sighes in secret payne.
I oft doe seeme in company, a glad some face to beare,
But God thou knowst my inward woes, & cares y^e rent mee there :
And that I may, gush out my greife, in secret place alone,
I bid my friends farewell in haste, I say I must be gone.
Then haste I fast, with heavy hart, in this my dolefull case :
Where walks no wight, but I alone, in drowlie desert place,
And there I empt, my laden hart, that swels in fretting mone :
My sighes and playnts, and panges I tell, vnto my selfe alone.
What shall I say? doe aske mee once, why all these sorowes bee ?
I answere true, O foe or freend, they all are made for thee.

Once :

The gorgious Gallery

Once knit the lynck, that loue may last, then shal my dollores cease
It lyes in thee, and wilt thou not, the yeelding wight release?
O would to God, it lay in mee, to cure such græse of thine: (mine,
Thou shouldst not long, be voyd of helpe, if thou were in power of
But I would run, & range in stormes, a thousand miles in payne:
Not fearing fole, of frends to haue, my cōtenance whole agayne
And wilt thou then, all mercyleffe, moze longer torment mee?
In drawing backe, sith my good helpe, is only whole in thee?
Then send mee close, y^e hewing knife, my wider wound to scratch;
And thou shalt see, by wofull græse, of life a cleane dispatch.
When thou shalt say, and proue it true, my hart entirely lound,
Which lost the life, for cōthance swæt frō whō he neuer mou'd
Write then vpon my wofull Tombe, these verses grauen aboue,
Heere lyes the hart, his truth to trie, that lost his life in loue.
Loe, saue or spill, thou mayst mee now, thou sitst in iudgment hie,
Where I pōze man, at Bar do stand, and lound, for life do cry.
Thou wilt not be, so mercyleffe, to sea a louing hart;
Small prayse it is to conquer him, that durst no where to start,
Thou hast the sword, that cut the wound, of my unhelpen payne:
Thou canst and art, the only helpe, to heale the lame agayne.
Then heale the hart, that loues thee well, untill the day he dye:
And firmly fast thy loue on him, thats true continually,
In thee my wealth, in thee my woe, in thee to saue or spill:
In thee mee lyfz, in thee my death, doth rest to worke thy will.
Let vertue myrt, with pittie great, and louing mercy saue
Him, who without thy salue, so sicke, that hee must yeeld to graue,
O salue thou then, my secret soze, sith health in thee doth stay:
And graūt wth speed, my iust request, whose want works my decay
Then shal I blesse, the pleasāt place, where once I toke thy gloue,
And thanke y^e God, who giues thee grace, to graūt me loue for loue.

FINIS.

¶ A louing Epistle, written by *Ruphilus* a
younge Gentilman, to his best beloued Lady
Elriza, as followeth.

Trice hath my quaking hand withdrowen this pen alway
And twice againe it gladly would, befoze I dare betwix
The secret shined thoughts, that in my hart do dwell,
That neuer wight as yet hath wist, noz I desire to tell.
But as the smothered cole, doth wast and still consume,
And outwardly doth geue no heate, of burnyng blaze or fame:
So hath my hidden harmes, been harbored in my corpe,
Till faintyng limmes and life and all, had welnigh lost his force:
Yet stand I halfe in doubt, whiche of these two to chosse,
To hide my harmes still to my hurt, or els this thraldome lose.
I will lay feare aside, and so my tale beginne:
Who neuer durst assaile his foe: did neuer conquest win.
Lo here my cause of care to thee vnfolde I will:
Help thou Minerva, graunt I pray, some of thy learned skill.
Help all you Muses nine, my wofull Pen to write:
So stufte my verse with pleasant wordes, as she may haue delight,
With heedyng eares to reade my greif and great vnr est:
Some wordes of plaint may moue perhaps, to pittie my request.
Oft haue I hard complaint, how Cupid beares a sway
In brittle youth, and would commaund: and how they did obey.
When I with skozning eares did all their talke dispise:
But well I see the blinded boy: in lurking den hee lies,
To catch the careles sozte: alwayting with his Darte:
Hee threwo at mee when I vnwares, was wounded to the harte.
To speake and pray for helpe, now loue hath mee constrainde:
And makes mee yeld to serue the sozte, that lately I disoainde.
Sith beggars haue no choyce: noz neede had euer law
The subiecte Dre doth like his yoke: when hee is drinen to draw.
That Ruphilus this wote: thou wonder wilt I know,
Cause neuer erst in louinge bearse: my labor I bestowe,
Well, woful loue is mine, and weeping lines I wright,
And doubtfull wordes with drier chære: besemes a careful wight
O thou Elriza sayre, the beuty of thine eyes
Hath hzed such bale within my brest, and cau'st such strife to ryse.

The gorgeous Gallery

As I can not forget : untill deuouring death
Shal leaue to mee a senceles goast : and rid my longer breath,
Or at the least that thou : do graunt mee some reliefe
To ease the greedy gripes I feele, and end my great mischæfe.
As due to mee by right, I can no mercy craue,
Thou hast the power to graunt mee life : refuse not for to saue.
Put to thy helping hand, to salue the wounded soze,
Though thou refuse it for my sake : yet make thine honour moze,
Too cruell were the facte : if thou shouldst seeke to kill
Thy faythful freend that loues thee so : and doth demaund no ill.
Thy beauenly shape I saw : thy passing beuty bright,
Enforst mee to assay the bayt : where now my bane I bight
I nought repent my loue : noz yet forthinke my facte,
The Gods I know were all agreed : and secretly compacte.
To frame a worke of prayse : to show their power deuine
By god aduice this on the earth : aboue the rest to shine.
Whose perfect shape is such : as Cupid feares his fall,
And euery wight that hath her sene, I say (not one) but all
With one consent they cry : lo here dame Venus ayer,
Not Danae noz thee dame Lede : was euer halfe so faire.
Though Princes sue for grace: and ech one do thee woo,
Mislike not this my meane estate : wherwith I can nought doo.
As highest scates we see : be subiect to most winde,
So base and poore estates we know , be hateful to the minde.
The happy meane is mine : which I do haply holde,
Thy honoz is to yeld for loue : and not for heape of golde.
If euer thou hast felte : the bitter panges that flinges
A louers breik: or knowest the cares , that Cupid on vs flinges.
Then pittie my request : and wayle my wofull case,
Whose life to death with hasty wheeles: do tumble on apace.
Mouchsafe to ease the paine : that loue on mee doth whelme,
Let not thy freend to shipwracke go : sit thou dost hold his helme.
Who yeldeth all hee hath : as subiect to thy will,
If thou command hee doth obey, and all thy heastes fulfill.
But if thou call to minde: when I did part thee fro,
What was the cause of my exile : and why I did forgo

The

of gallant Inuentions.

The happy life I held, and lost therewith thy sight,
Well mayst thou wayle thy want of troth: & rue thy great vnright
If thou be found to fayle thy vow that thou hast swozne
O that one iot of my good will, out of thy minde be wozne.
O if my absence long: to thy disgrace hath wrought mee (mee.
O hindring tales of my back frends: vnto such state hath brought
I can and will accurse the cause of my ill speede:
But well, I hope, my feare is more: then is the thing indeede.
Yet blame mee not though I do stand somewhat in feare
The cause is great of my exile, which hardly I do beare.
Who hath a sternles ship amidst the trustles Seaes,
Full greedely desires the porste: where hee may ride at ease.
Thy bewty bids mee trust, vnto thy promise past,
My absence longe and not to speake: doth make mee doubt as fast.
For as the sommers sonne, doth make eche thing to spring:
Euen so the frosen winters blast, as deadly doth them wzing.
Unsuert thus I liue in dreade I wot not why
Yet was there neuer day so bright, but there be cloudes in sky.
Who hath of puer Golde, a running streame o2 flud
And is restraind for comming nigh, this treasure great and good.
Hee must abide a time: till fortune graunt him grace,
That hee haue power by force to win: his riche desired place.
I neede not thus to doe: no2 yet so much mistrust,
I know no time can change thy minde: o2 make thee bee vnjust.
No more then water soft, can stir a stedfast rocke:
O2 seely flies vpon their backs can beare away a blocke.
Eche beast on earth we see: that liuing breath doth draw,
We saythfull found vnto their mates: and keepes of loue the law.
My wretched life to ease: when I doe seke to turne,
Thy bewty bright doth kindle mee, in greater flame to burne.
No day, no night, no2 time, that geues mee mirth o2 rest,
Awake, asleape, and at my meales, thou dost torment my best.
Though weary lothsome lyfe: in care and wo haue clad mee,
Remembrance of thy heauenly face, giues cause again to glad mee.
Thus Joyfull thoughtes a while, doth lessen much my payne
But after calme and fayer tides, the stormes do come agayne.

The gorgeous Gallery

And I in cares doe flame, to thinke of my exile,
That I am barred from thy sight : I curse and ban the while.
Would God I had the craft a Labozinth to frame,
And also had a Mynotaure : inclosed in the same:
And that our enemies all, might therin take some paine,
Till Dedales line I did them bringe, to helpe them out againe.
Then should my sorowes cease, and downe my deepe dispaire,
Then should my life be blest with Joyes: and raisee about the ayre.
But as the mazed birde, for feare dare skautly fly,
When hee hath scape the Falcons fote : euen so I know should I
Scarce able be to speake, or any word to say,
Least Argus wayting ielous eyes, might haply mee bewray
But oh Elrifa mine, why doe I stir such war
Within my selfe to thinke of this: and yet thy loue so far?
Why rather should not I : giue vp the life I haue
And yeld my weary wretched corps : vnto the gaping graue
If I hope not that thou with faith didst binde thy life,
This hand of mine with bloody sword, should stint my cruel strife.
No length of lingring time: no distance can remoue,
The fayth that I haue haue bowed to thee : no alter once my loue.
Beleeue this to bee true, that streames shall soner turne,
Or frozen Ice to fier coales, on blasing flame to burne.
Then I will seke to change: or alter once my minde,
All plagues I pray may fall on me, if I be found vnkinde.
Or if I meane to swarue while I haue liuing breath
God graunt my end then may be such as Agamemnons death.
I wish thy life no harme: but yet I woulde thou knew
The wofull ende that Cressed made, because shee was vntrue.
Those angry gods or men, asonder that doo set vs,
Shal neuer pearce our mindes in twaine nor eke to loue can let vs
As well they may denide the fier from the flame,
And euery beast that now is wilde, as sone shalbe made tame.
Let not this piddle long, my sute with thee deface,
Who pleadeth for his life thou knowest: at large must tel his case.
And all these wordes I write, to one effect do tende,
I am all thine, and not mine owne : and herewithal to ende.

of gallant Inuentions.

I pray thee to regard: thy health and my request,
And that my loue doo neuer fleet out of thy secret best.

FINIS.

NARSETVS a wofull youth, in his exile writeth
to *Rosana* his beloued mistresse, to assure her of his
faithfull constancie, requiring the like of her.



D stay thy musinge minde: hee did this pistle frame,
That holds the dære, & loues thee most: Narsetus is his name
Would God thy frend had brought: y health y here he sendes
I should haue seene my lacking ioy, and heale that hart that rendes.
And redy is eche hower: to sunder still in twaine,
Sane now this pistle that I wryte: doth lessen wel my paine,
And helpes mee to vpholde a lingring lothsome life,
Awaiting still the blisfull hower, when death shall stinte the strife.
What dooth it mee preuaile: to haue king Cresus wealth,
Or who doth ioy in golden Cines, imprisoned with his health,
I sweare by loue to thee, whose godhead is aye iust,
These wordes I wryte are not vntrue: then do mee not mistrust.
Thy selfe shalbe the iudge: and if thou list to beue,
The bared bones, the hollow lookes, the pale and ledy hew,
The stealing strides I draw: the wo and dreadfull feares
The boyling best with bitter bryne, the eyes be spent with teares
The skant and hungry meales: the seldome slepe I take,
The dainty dames that others ioy, do iest to mee do make
These hated hatefull harmes: when I them seele to greene mee
Remembrance of thy beuty bright, doth straight again releue mee
And then I cal to minde, thy shape and cunly grace,
Thy heauenly hew thy sugred wordes, thy sweet entising face
The pleasant passed sportes: that spent the day to ende,
The lethsem lookes that liked not to leue so soone thy freend.
With froward fortune hath, my Mystrisse thus bereft mee,
Perforce I yeld and am content, to like the lot is left mee.
If Pyramus were sad, when hee found Thisby slayne,
If Cresseds craft and falsing fayth: did Troylus turne to payne,

Wij

Encas

The gorgious Gallery

Eneas traytoꝝ false : oh treason that hee did, (hath ri
With bloody woundes and murdering sword, Quæne Didos lyfe
If these haue won by death and end of pynning payne,
And I aliue with toꝛments great in dying deathes remaine.
The sound of instruments: oꝝ musickes pleasant noyce,
Oꝝ riches rule, oꝝ pꝛoude estate, doth cause mee to reioyce
Oꝝ Venus damselfs deere, do please mee euen as well,
As dying bodie's ioy to here, foꝛ them a passing bell.
The græfes that gripe my hart, and dayly do mee slay
It lessen would much of the smart, if thou vouchsafe to say:
God graunt his weary life : and soꝛrowes to asswage,
God yeld him health and happy dayes with honoꝝ in his age.
These woꝛdes would win my life, dispaired now to death,
Thou should but saue that is thine owne, while I haue liuing bꝛeath
What heapes of haples hopes, on me shall chance to fall,
So thou doo liue in blisfull state: no foꝛce foꝛ mee at all.
Amid my greatest græfe, the greatest care I haue,
Is how to wish and will thee good: and most thy honoꝝ saue.
Bee saythfull found therfoꝛe, bee constant true and iust
If thou betray thy louing frænd, whom hencefoꝛth shall I trust?
When shal I speake with thee? when shal I thee imbrace? (grace?
When will the gods appease their wꝛath? when shal I haue sutch
Hath Ioue foꝛgotten dame Lede foꝛ loue : and how hee pꝛayed her,
Transformed like a swan at length: the seely soule hee trayde her.
When faire fresh Danae was closed vp in tower :
Did hee not raine himselfe a drop, amidst the golden shower
And fell into her lap : from top of chimney hic?
The great delight of his long loue: hee did attaine thereby,
What cruell gods be these? what trespassse haue I doone?
That I am banisht thus from thee, what conquest haue they wonne?
I know their power deuine : can foꝛ a while remoue mee,
But whilke I liue, and after death, my soule shall likewise loue thee
Not Alcumena thee, foꝛ whom the treble night
Was shaped first, can well compare with thee foꝛ bewty bright
Not Troylus sister too, whom cruell Pirrus slew,
Noꝛ thee, the pꝛice of ten yeres wars, whom yet the Grekes do reu
Noꝛ

of gallant Inuentions.

For thee Penelope, whose chastnes was her fame,
Can match with thee Rosina chaste: I see her blush for shame.
The childe of mighty Ioue, that bred within his baine
Shall yeeld the palme of filed speche, to thee that doth her staine.
And euery wight on earth: that lining breath do draw,
Lo here your queene sent from aboue, to kepe you all in awe
But nowe I fine my talke, I finde my wits to dull,
There liueth none that can set forth thy vertues at the ful.
Yet this I dare well say, and dare it to auowe,
The Gods do feare Rosinas shape: and bewty doth alowe.
In Tantalus toyle I liue: and want that most I would,
With wishing bowes I speake, I pray: yet lacke the thing I should
I see that I do want: I reach, it runnes mee fro:
I haue and lacke, that I loue most, and lothest to forgo.
But oh Rosanna dere: since time of my exile (while
How hast thou done: and dost thou liue: how hast thou spent the
How standeth health with thee: and art thou glad of chere?
God graunt those happy restful dayes, increase may still each yere.
If any greefe or care, do vex thy wofull hart,
Then God I pray to giue thee ease, and swagement of thy smart.
Yet this I doo desire, that thou be found to abide
A freend: euen such as shal mislike, with sodaine change to slide.
If pleasure now thou hast, to spend the dreiry day,
Read then this pistle of my hande, to diue the time away.
If all thy freendes aliue: would from thy friendship swarue,
A thousand deathes I do desire, in wretched state to starue.
If I amongst the rest, should alter so my minde,
Or thou shouldest charge I promise brake, or els am found vnkinde.
Though Argus iclus eyes: that daily on vs tend,
Forbid vs meat and speech also, or message for to send.
A time will come to passe, and thinke it not to long
That thou and I shall ioyne in ioy, and weake vs of our wrong.
Which time I would abide: though time too long doth try mee
In hope againe when time shal serue, thou wilt not then deny mee
Thus hope doth mee byholde: for hope of after blisse,
And lose therby my present ioy, in hoping still for this.

The gorgeous Gallery

I doe commend to thee: my life and all I haue,
Command them both as thee best likes: to lose or els to saue.
I am no more mine owne, but thine to vse at will
Thesame is thine without desert, if thou mee seke to kill.
Bee glad thou litle quere, my mystress shall thee see
Fall flat to ground befoze her face: and at her feet doe lie:
Waste not to rise againe, nor doe her not withstand
If of her bounty thee vouchsafe, to rayse thee with her hand.
Say thy maister sent thee, and humbly for mee greete her, (her.
Thou knowest my selfe doth with full ofte: to be in place to meete
If any worde in this, hath scape and doe her greeue,
A pardon craue vpon thy knee, and pray her to forgeue
A giltles hand it wrote, thou mayst be bolde to tell:
No minde of malice did mee moue, her self doth know it well.
Thou canst and I deserue: make glad my wofull sprite,
I craue no answer to thy payne: nor force thee for to write.
It should suffice if thou: vouchsafe to reade the same,
This pistle then if thou mislike, condemne it to the flame.
But now there needes no more, I will this pistle ende,
Esteeme Narcetus alwayes well: that is thy faythfull friend,

FINIS.

The Louer forsaken, writeth to his Lady
a desperate Farwell.

When hee that whilome was: thy faithfull friend most iust,
That thise three yeeres hath spent & past, reposing all his
In thy bewayling words, that seemed sugar sweet (trust
The selfsame man vnwillingly: doth with these lines thee
I can not speake with thee: and speaking is but paine, (greet.
To speake and pray and not to speede: to fruitles were the gayne.
Inforthe therfore I write, and now vnfolde my minde,
Alone, and like as earst I did, I am not yet declinde.
Though time that trieth all, hath turnde the loue you ought,
No changing time could alter mee: or wylt awyz my thought.

And

of gallant Inuentions.

And sure I doe mislike, that women choose to change,
Ungratefull folkes I do detest, as monsters foule and strange.
With first I did you know: I neuer spake the thing
That did intend you to beguile, or might repentance bring.
Whise hath my pen false downe: vpon this paper pale,
And scantly can my hart consent: to write to thee this tale.
Least hasty Iudgements might, misdeceme my gittles minde,
To charge that malice moues my speech, or some new friend to finde
The gods I vouch to ayd: who knowes the troth I ment,
To swarue or fleet from that I vowed, was neuer my intent.
But as the Courser scarce, by pearcing spur doth run,
So thy desertes enforce mee now: to see this worke begun.
Would God I had no cause to leaue that I did loue,
Or lothe the thing that likt mee so: nor this mishap to proue.
But with nothing in earth: in one estate can bide,
Why strue I then against the streame, or toyle against the tide?
And haue you now forgot, how many yeeres I sought,
To get your grace with whot good will: how dearly I it bought.
There is no one alieue, that nature euer made
That hath such giftes of vertues race, and such vntroth doth shade.
If sayth might haue bin found, within a womans brest,
I did beleue within thy hart, shee chose her place to rest.
Unskillful though I bee, and cannot best deserue,
Where craft for troth doth preace in place, yet am I not to learne.
And I did thinke you such: that litle knew of guile,
But seemings now be plaske for deedes, and please fullwel the while
Why doo I wonder thus: to thinke this same so strange,
Who hath assayed and knoweth not: that women choose to change.
Haue you thus sone forgot, the doubt and dreads you made,
Of yongmens loue how litle holde, how sone alway they fade.
How hardly you beleued: how often would you say,
My wordes were spoken of the splene: and I as oft deny.
How oft did you protest with handes vntretcht to skyes?
How oft with othes vnto the Gods: how oft with weeping eyes?
Did you beseech them all, to rid your spending dayes?
When that you thought to leaue your friend: to dy without delays

The gorgeous Gallery

Mee thought in heauen I saw: how Ioue did laughe to skorne:
To see you sweare so solemnly, and ment to be forsworne.
But as the Sirens singe, when treason they procure,
So smyling baytes the harmles soules: vnto their bane allure.
Thy fawning flattering wordes, which now full false I finde,
Perswades mee to content my selfe, and turne from Crellids kinde.
And all the sorte of those: that vse such craft I wish
A speedy end, or lothsome life, to liue with Lafars dish.
Yet pardon I do pray: and if my wordes offend,
A crased ship amid the streame, the Marriner must mende.
And I thus to it and turne: whose life to shipwacke goes
Complaynes of wrongs thou hast mee don, and all my greefe forth
And could your hart consent: and could you gree therto? (Howes.
Thus to betray your faythful freend, and promis to vndo?
If nought your wordes could binde, to holde your suer behest,
Nor ought my loue ne othes you sware, could bide within your best:
Yet for the worldly shame, that by this facte might rise,
Or for the losse of your good name, for dealing in this wise.
Or thus to see mee greeu'd: to mented still in payne,
Thy gentil hart shoulde haue bin pleasoe such murder to refrayne.
But through thy cruell deede: if that vntamed death,
With speedy dart shall rid my life, or leaue my lyuing breath.
The gods then can and will: requite thy bloody acte,
And them I pray with lowly sute, for to reuenge thy facte.
God graunt the earth may bring: nought forth to thy auayle.
Nor any thing thou takest in hand, to purpose may ppeuayle.
Thy most desired freend, I wish may bee most coy,
Wherin thou dost thee most delite: and takest the greatest ioy.
That same I would might turne: vnto thy most mischeefe,
That in thy life thy hart may feelee, the smart of others greefe.
But sith no good can come: of thy mishap to mee,
I graunt some blame I doe deserue, that thus desire to see
Thy blissfull life so changde, from weake to wretched state,
When freendes do breake the bonde of loue, then is their greatest
Thy deedes do sure deserue, much moze reuenging spight. (hate.
When hart can thinke or tongue can tel, or this my pen can wright.
Thy

of gallant Inuentions.

Thy bewty bzight is sutch, that well it would inuade,
A hart moze hard then Tigar wilde: and moze it can perswade.
Then Tullyes cunning tongue: oꝛ Ouids louing tale,
Well may I curse and ban them both, that so haue bzewed my
I feare to praise to far: least haply I begin, (bale.
To kindle fier that well is quencht, and burne mee all within.
For well I may compare: and boldly dare it say,
Thou art the Quene of women kinde, and all they ought obey.
And all for shame doe blush, when thou dost come in place,
They curse ech thing that gaue thee life, and moze disdain thy face.
Then any liuyng wight: doth hate the Serpent foule,
Oꝛ birdes that singe and flies by day, abhors the shrykyng Owle.
Oh that a constant minde: had guided forth thy dayes,
I had not then assayed myshap: noꝛ pen spoke thy dispraise.
Decreed sith that thou art, for euer to forsake mee,
In sorrows swete I wil mee shryne: till death shall list to take mee.
Bewayle I woful eyes, with fluds of flowing teares,
This great mischaunce thy lothsome life, that all ill hap by beares,
Since parted is your ioy, resigne likewise your sight,
I neuer will agree to like, oꝛ looke on other wight.
Noꝛ neuer shall my mouth consent to pleasant sound,
But pale and leane with hollow lookes: till death I will bee found.
And you vnhappy handes: with lyking food that fed mee,
Leaue of to laboꝛ moze for mee: since sorrow thus hath sped mee.
Lament vnlustie legges: bee lame for euer moze,
Sith shee is gone for whom you kept: your willing pace in stoꝛe.
O hatefull heavy hart: bewayle thy great vnr est,
Consume thy selfe oꝛ part in twaine: within my bloudy brest.
And yee my sences all: whose helpe was aye at hand,
To length the life that lingreth now, and lothsomely doth stand.
Yee sonne, ye moone and starres: that gyues the glad some light
For beare to show your force a while: let all bee irkesome night.
Let neuer soyle bzyng forth, agayn the lusty greene
Noꝛ trees that new dispoyled are, with leafe be euer scene.
Let neither birde noꝛ beast: posses their wonted minde
Let all the thinges that liues on earth, be turned from their kinde.

The gorgious Gallery

Let all the furies forth, that pine in Hell with payne,
Let all their tozments come abroad: with lving wightes to rayne.
Let peace be turnd to war, let all consume with fier,
Sith I must dye that once did ioy, and lose that I desier.
I hate my life and breath, I hate delighting food,
I hate my greefe I hate my death: I hate that doth mee good.
I hate the gentill hart: that ructh on my payne.
I hate the cruell stubbozn sorte, that doth my life disdayne.
I hate al sortes of men, that haue their life in pryce,
And those I hate that folow death, esteeming them vnwise.
I hate those carefull thoughtes that thinke on my sweet so,
I hate my selfe then twice as much: if I forget her so.
I hate, what would you moze, I wot not what I hate,
I wish her dead and layed in graue: I wish her better state.
Come wilde and sauadge beastes, stretch forth your cruell pawes,
Dismember mee, consume my flesh: imbzew your greedy iawes.
Within your entrayles: see a coffin ye prepare,
To tombe this carefull corpes that now, vnwillingly I bare.
Come lingringe slothful death: that doost the wretch deny
To show thy force and ridst the riche, that list not so; to dye.
Is this the recompence: is this the due reward?
Doth loue thus pay his seruants hier: and doth hee thus regarde?
And doth hee vse to set, the harmles soules on fier,
With faire sweet intisunge looks: to kindle their desier?
If ye falle loue that hast so decte, with bewty bright,
A Lady faire with such vntroth, to worke such cruell spight.
And ye that doe pursue blinde loue with speedy pace,
Restraine your steps example take, of this my wofull case.
Let this alone suffice, that in few wordes I say,
Who can beware by others harmes, thrice bleit and happy they.
Beleeue this to bee true: that now too true I proue,
But litle troth in womens breast: and fleeting in their loue.
God graunt each wight on earth, that serues with saythfull minde,
A better hap and that hee may, a truer Mystrisse finde.

FINIS.

of gallant Inuentions.

The Louer in distresse exclaime meth agaynst Fortune.

How can the crippe get, in running race the game?
How hee in fight defend himselfe, whose armes are broken lame?
How can th' imprisoned man whose legs be wrapt in chaynes,
Thinke this his life a pleasant time, who knoweth nothing but
So how can I reioyse, that haue no pleasant thing, (paines?
That may reuiue my dooufull sprits, or cause mee for to singe.
My legs be lame to goe, mine armes cannot embrace,
My hart is soze, mine eyes be blinde, for lacke of Fortunes grace.
All this is Fortunes fault, that keepes these sences so,
Shee may aduaunce them if shee list, and rid them of this wo.
It is her cruell will, alwayes on mee to lower,
To kepe from mee her pleasant giftes, to make mee know her power.
Alas, alas, tis Fortune, shee: why art thou so unkinde,
To mee that fayne would bee thy sonne, and euer in thy minde?
Now doe I thee beseech, with pleasures mee to frayght,
To temper this my wofull life, or els to kill mee strayght.

FINIS.

An other complaint on Fortune.

In doubtful dreading thoughts, as I can call to minde,
This world, and eke the pleasures al, that Adams children
A place of pleasant heu appeared to my thought (finde,
Where I might see the wonderous works which nature
All things of any price, approached to my sight, (for vs wrought.
And still me thought that each man had, that was his most delight.
The riche man hath his ioy: his riches to embrace,
So hath the hountesman his desire, to haue the Hart in chace.
And other haue their spozte to see the Falcon flie,
And some also in Princes court: in fauor for to bee.
The warring Knight at will, an horse doth run his race,
And eke the loue, in his armes, his Lady doth embrace.

When

The gorgious Gallery

When that I see eche man enioy his whole delite,
Saue I alas poore cursed man whom Fortune doth so spite.
I fall straight to the ground, amazed with much grieve,
With blouddy strokes vpon my brest, I strive to rid my lief.
And thus I thinke, how can saye pictures those delight:
Whom nature from their tender age, defrauded of their sight.

FINIS.

¶ The louer beeing newly cought in Cupids snares, complayneth
on the Gods of loue, and compareth his greefe as followeth.

The hugie heape of cares, that in this world I finde,
The sodayne sighes that soze molest my hart
The folish fantasies that still run in my minde:
Makes mee to lay all ioy and myrth apart,
Lamenting still the causes of my smart.
But oh, alas, the more I weepe and wayle,
The more my greefe to mee seemes to preuagle.

The more I seeke my pinching panges to swage,
By diuers wayes, such as I thinke be best
The more it frets, the more it gins to rage,
So that my senceles head can take no rest:
Ah seely wretch, what doth thee thus mollest
O what doth thus perturb thy restlesse braynes,
And from thy harte all worldly ioye detaynes.

Alas what this should bee I can not tell,
My youthfull yeares can skill of no such change
But if some vgly shape of fury sell:
O wicked wight that in this world doth range
Hath witched mee with this disease so strange.
O Cupid with his force of cruell dart,
Hath stricken mee and wounded thus my hart.

Hath

of gallant Inuentions.

Hath Cupid then such power on mortall wightes?
And strikes the blinded boy his dart so sure?
That no man can auoyd his subtile flightes,
Nor ought agaynst his fury may indure?
Hath Venus force men thus for to allure?
And why then? doth shee not her sonne commaund
To shote alike and strike with equall hand?

Is this the guise of powers that raigne aboue,
As seely soules in snares thus for to trap
And care they not to yeeld vs death for loue?
Joy they in woes our coses for to trap?
And passe they not what vnto vs doth hap?
Can Gods aboue to man beare any hate,
Or do they mocke and iest at our estate?

Ah foolish soles? what fancy rules thy head.
Or what doth cause thee now this talke to moue?
What fury sell doth thee poyze wretch now lead?
To rayle on all the Gods doth it behoue?
Sith it is only Cupid God of loue.
That guiltlesse shee with stroke of goulden staffe,
Hath wounded thus and thee of ioyes bestaffe.

Euen as the slender Barke that long is tost
By surging waues cast vp from deepest seas:
And Saylars still in daunger to be lost,
Do hale and pull in hope to take their ease:
When stormy fluds begin once to appease.
Euen so fare I beeing in Cupids power
In hope at last to see that happy bower.

Wherin I shall my wished ioyes obtayne,
And placed bee within her gentill hart,
Then shall I take my sorowes all for gayne.
When I haue her that causeth now my smart,

The gorgeous Gallery

Then farewell Cupid with thy cruell darte
And welcome shee that pearst mee with her sight,
Shee is my Joy, shee is my hartes delight.

FIN IS.

The Louer extolleth, aswell the rare vertues of his Lady
beloued, as also her incomparable beautie.

Desire hath driuen from mee my will,
O Cupids blase hath bleard mine eyes :
Knowledge mee fayles, my sight is yll :
If kinde or cunning could deuise
Nature to paynt in better plight
To set her forth with red and white :
O if men had Apelles arte,
Who could her mend in any parte?

Her face declares where fauor growes,
And telles vs heere is Beauties grace:
Her eyes hath power to binde and lose,
Her countenance may frendes embrace.
Her cheekes be deckt with blond full sayre,
Her collour cleare as is the ayre :
Her haire, her hand, her foote also,
Hath wonne the praise where euer shee go.

Her lookes doe seeme to speake alone,
When that her lips remoue no whit
Her inwarde vertues may be knowen :
By vsinge of her sober wit.
Her iestres also cumly are,
My tongue lackes skill them to declare :
The rest of her that are vnnamed,
In perfect shapess are leuely framed.

of gallant Inuentions.

Now though that kinde hath set her forth e,
And natures woꝝkes shee hath posselt,
Theese godly giftes are litle woꝝth:
If pittie dwelt not in her bꝛest.
Oh, God foꝝbid such flowꝝing youth
Should bee mislyked foꝝ lacke of rut h,
Foꝝ I with other might say then:
Lo, this is shee that killeth men.

FINIS.

¶ The Louers farewell, at his departure, perswadeth his
beloued to constancie in his absence.

Though Fortune cannot fauor But take mee foꝝ your make,
According to my will: I will not chaunge my songe.

The pꝛoofe of my behauior:
Shall bee to loue you still.

Though absence now a while,
Do part vs thus in twayne:
Thinke neither craft noꝝ gyle,
Foꝝ I will come agayne

Entending not to chaunge,
Whiles that my life doth last:
But still in loue to raunge:
Till youth and age be past.

The same man that I went,
Both in my wooꝝde and deede:
Though some men doe relent,
And grudge that I should speeð.

Though I bee far you fro,
Yet in my fantacie:
I loue you and no mo:
Thinke this assuredly.

But if you doe remayne,
And do not fro mee starte:
My hart you doe attayne,
Till death vs two depart.

Your owne both true and iuste,
Alwayes you shall mee finde:
Wherfoꝝe of right you must,
Haue mee likewise in minde.

And thus farewell adew,
And play an honest parte:
And chaunge mee foꝝ no new,
Seeing that you haue my hart.

And doe not mee foꝝsake,
Though I doe tarꝛy longe:

FINIS.

D.

The gorgeous Gallery

A proper Dittie. To the tune of lusty Gallant.

The glyttering shewes of Floras dames
Delightes not so my carefull minde,
Ne gathering of the fragrant flames:
That ofte in Floras Pimphees I finde.
Ne all the noates of Birdes so shryl
Hellodiously in woods that singe,
Whose solemne Daires the skyes doth fill:
With noate on noate that heauenly ringe.

The frisking Fish in streames that springe
And spoete them on the riuers side,
The Hound the Hauke and euery thinge:
Wherin my ioyes did once abide,
Doth nothinge els but bræde my wo
Sith that I want which I desier,
And death is eke become my so:
Denying that I most requier.

But if that Fortunes frændly grace
Would graunt mine eyes to take the vew,
Of her whose porte and amorous face
My senses all doth so subdew.
That raunging to and fro to gayne
The pray that most delighteth me,
At last I finde that brædes me payne:
Shæ flies so fast it will not bæ.

Then in my selfe with lingering thoughts
A sodayne strife begins to gro,
I then doo with such Birdes at noughts:
That from their louers flyeth so.
At last I see the fowlers gin,
Prepared for this Birde and mee
Then wisht I lo his hed therin:
So that my birde and I were fræ.

FINIS.

of gallant Inuentions.

¶ The Louer perswadeth his beloued, to beware the
deceites and allurements of strange suters.

Be stedfast to thine owne
As hee is vnto thee,
Regard not men vnknown
But loue thine owne truly
For oft deceits are sown
By them that vnknown bee
Wherefore cast of the rest:
And thine own loue thou be st.

If suters doe thee moue
Or dayly to thee write,
Yet graunt to them no loue
Their paynes for to requite.
But thinke it doth behoue
Thee alwayes to doe right
The must thou loue thine own
And forsake men vnknowne.

For though that their false suite
Seeme pleasant in thine eare,
Thou knowst oft times ill fruit
A pleasant tree doth beare.
If thou chaunce to repute
A rotten Apple cleare,
Better to loue thine owne
And forsake men vnknowne.

This counsaile I thee giue
As farforth as I can,
As I that whiles I liue
Will bee thine onely man.
For sure it would mee grieue,
To see thee out of frame
Or chaunge at any time:
Thine owne not to bee thine.

Thou dost well vnderstand
These wordes not spoken seilde
More suer a birde in hand,
Then twenty in the feild. (hand
Thou knowest thine owne sure
And how that it hath helde
Then chaunge it for no new:
But loue him that is trew.

Thus written by thine owne
To thee with all his harte,
Disringe the vnknown
Of thee may haue no part.
For if such chaunge bee sown
No doubt thou killest my hart
Wherefore I say beware:
Alwayes the vknown snare.

FINIS.

The gorgeous Gallery

¶ The Lady beloued exclaymeth of the great
vntruth of her louer.

Would god I had neuer seen, To finde so many crafty wayes,
 the teares of thy false eyne To fraude a pooze woman.
 Or els my eares shal deaf had bin
 That herd those woꝝds of thine At whom all women smile,
 To see so sonde on thee:
 Then should I not haue knowne And men although they wayle,
 Noꝝ chosen to my part: To see how thou blest mee.
 No many euils in one
 To kill my pooze true hart. To lure mee to thy list,
 To ease thy feigned payne:
 As now in thee I finde, And euer when thou list,
 Who bidst mee from thee go: To cast mee of agayne.
 As false and full vnkinde, (his dayes,
 Alas why doost thou so: The wretched hound y spends
 And serueth after kinde:
 Was neuer man so false of othe, The Horse that tredeth y beaten
 To none as thou to mee As nature doth him binde (ways
 Was neuer womā of moze troth
 Then I haue ben to thee. In age yet findes releefe,
 Of them that did him wo:
 And thou to leaue mee so, Who in their great mischeefe,
 And canst no iust cause tell: Disdayne not them to know.
 But wilt thou spill with wo,
 The hart that loues thee wel. Thus they for wo and smart,
 Had ease vnto their paine:
 Me thinkes that for my part, But I for my true hart,
 I may speake in the same, Get nought but greefe agayne.
 I say me thinkes thou art,
 Euen very much to blame. The weary and long night
 doth make mee dreame of thee,
 And still me thinks with sight,
 I see thee here with mee.

And:

of gallant Inuentions.

And then with open armes,
I strayne my pillow softe :

And as I close mine armes,

mee thinkes I kille thee ofte.

But when at last I wake

And finde mee mockte wth dzemes

Alas, with moone I make

My teares run down like strea-

(mes.

All they that here this same,

Wyll spit at thy false deede:

And bid, fie on thy cursed name,
And on thy false seede.

That shewest so to the eye,

And bearest so false an heu :

And makest all women cry,

Lo, how ye men be vntrew :

But yet to excuse thee now,

To them that would thee spot:

Ile say, it was not thou,

It was mine owne poore lot.

FIN IS.

¶ The Louer declareth his paynfull plight
for his beloued sake,



Since needes ye will mee singe, giue eare vnto the voyce,

Of mee poore man your bond seruant, y knoweth not to re-

Consider wel my care, my paine and my vnrrest: (ioyce.

Which thou with force of Cupids Dart hast grafted in my

Heale, and withdrow from mee, the venim of that Darte (best.

Haue pittie, and release this wo, that doth consume my hart :

The greatnes of my greefe, doth bid mee seeke release

I seeke to finde to ease my payne, yet both my care encrease.

I cease not to beholde, that doth augment my payne :

I see my selfe I seeke my wo, yet can I not refrayne .

That should my wo release, doth most encrease the same,

The colde that should acquench the heat, doth most enrage the flame

My pleasure is my payne, my game is most my greefe

My cheefe delite doth worke my wo, my hart is my releefe

Such haps doth hap to them, that happeth so to loue,

And hap most harde : so fast to binde, that nothing can remooue.

The gorgious Gallery

For when the harme is fixed, and rooted in the hart,
No tongue can tell, no pen may write, how greuous is the smart
I haue thought loue but play, vntill I felte the soze,
But now I felte a thousand greefes I neuer felt before.
To tell what paynes I hide, if that I could deuise,
I tel the truth, belceue mee wel, the day will not suffice
Graunt now therfore some rest, since thus thou hast mee bound,
To be thine owne, til body mine, lye buried vnder ground.

FINIS.

¶ The Louer hauing his beloued in suspicion
declareth his doutfull minde.

Come as ye list vpon good cause
Ye may, and thinke of this or that,
But what, or why, my selfe best knowes,
Wherby I thinke and feare not.

Wherunto I may wel like

The doubtful sentence of this clause
I would ye were not as I thinke
I would I thought it were not so.

If that I thought it were not so,
Though it were so, it greeued mee not,
Vnto my hart it were as tho
I harkened and I heare not.
At that I see I cannot winke,
Nor for my hart to let it go
I would it were not as I thinke
I would I thought it were not so.

Lo how my thought might make mee free,
Of that perchance it needeth not
For though no doubt in deede I see,
I thinke at that I beare not,

of gallant Inuentions.

Yet in my hart this worde shall sin ke,
Untill the pzoofe may better bæ
I would it were not as I thinke,
I would I thought it were not.

FINIS.

¶ An excellent Sonet, Wherin the Louer exclaymeth agaynst
Detraction, beeing the principall cause of all his care.
To the tune, when Cupid scaled first the Fort.

Disse forth in doolfull dumps my verse,
Thy Masters heauy haps vnfolde:
His griled grafe cache hart well perce,
Display his woes, feare not, bæ bould

Who hole in heapes of heauinesse
His dismale dayes are almost spent,
For fate, which forgoe this sicklenesse
By youthly yeares with teares hath spent,
I lothe the lingring life I led:

I wished death why stayest thy hand,
Sith gladsome Joyes alway bæ fled:
And linkte I am in Dollozs bande.

In weltring waues my ship is tost
By shattering sayles alway bæ shorne,
My Anker from the Stearne is lost
And Tacklings from the Maynard shorne.

Thus driuen with eue ry gale of winde
By weather beaten Barke doth sayle,
Still hoping harboz once to finde
Which may these passinge perrils quayle.

But out alas, in bayne I hope
Sith Willowes pzewd, assault mee still
And skill doth want with Seas to cope
And licour salte my Bale doth fill.

The gorgeous Gallery

Yet storme doth cease: but lo at hand
A ship with warlike wightes addrest,
Which seemes to bee some Pyrates band:
With Powder and with Pellets prest.

To sinke or spoyle my bzused Barke
Which dangers dread could not a daunt,
And now the shot the ayre doth darke:
And Captayne on the Deke him haunt.

Then Ignorance the overseer proude
Cryes to Suspicion, spare no shot:

And Envy yelleth out aloude,
Peeld to Detraction this thy Boate:

And as it is now Sea mens trade
When might to coole the foe doth lacke,
By baylingfozetop signe I made
That to their lee I mee did take.

Then gathering winde to mee they make,
And Treason first on boarde doth come
Then followes Fraud like wily Snake:
And swift amongst them takes his rome.

These binde mee Captiue, tane with band
Of carkinge care and fell annoy,
While vnder Hatches yet I stand
Therby quight to abandon ioye.

Then boylling sayles they homeward hie
And mee present vnto Disdayne,
Who mee beheld with scorning eye
The moze for to encrease my payne.

As Lady thee commaunded strayght
That to Dispayre they mee conuay,
And bid with skillfull heed bee wayght,
That Truth bee bard from mee away.

Madam (quoth I) let due desert
Yet finde remoyse for these my woes,
Of pittty graunt some ease to smart
Let Troth draw neare to quayle my foes.

But

of gallant Inuentions.

But all for nought I doe complayne
For why the deafe can mone no noyse,
No more can they which doe disdayne:
But will in harte therat reioyce.

Wherfore twixt life and death I stay
Til time with daughters his drawe nye
Which may these furious foes dismay:
Or els in ruthfull plight I dye.

FINIS

¶ The Louer in bondage looketh for releasement and
longeth for the releefe of his wedding day.



When shall reliefe release my wo?
When shall desert, disdayne digest?
When shall my hap, hap to mee so?
That my poore hart may come to rest.

When shall it so? When shall it so?

When shall longe loue bee looked vpon?
When shall tried truth bee homeliest?
When shall hope haue that hope hangeth on?
That my poore hart may come to rest.

When shall it so? &c.

When shall I see thee see the right?
When shall I heare thee heareth mee best?
When shall I feele, thee feeleth delight?
That my poore harte may come to rest.

When shall it so. &c.

When stinte all stozmes that thus agræue?
When stinte all staves that wrong hath wrest?
When stinte all strifes right to releue?
That my poore hart may come to rest.

When shall it so? &c.

C

When

The gorgeous Gallery

When right shall see right time to bosse?
When right shall aright vnrighr oppresse?
When right shall raigne and rule the roste?
Then my poore harte shall come to rest.

Then shall it so. ec.

When shall I watch the time to see?
Now shall I with the time possesse,
Now shall I thinke each day yeeres thre
That my poore harte may come to rest.

When shall it so? ec.

Now farewell harte, most smooth most smart,
Now farewell hart with hart hartiest,
And farewell harte, till hart in harte:
By harty harte may come to rest.

God graunt it so. ec.

FINIS.

¶ A fine and freendly Letter, of the Louer to his beloued.

Like as the Hauke is led by lure, to draw from tree to tree,
So is my hart through force of loue, where euer my body bee
The Hauke to pray doth double wing, her flight is fled in bayne
I make my flight in waste of winde, my hope receyuethe no gayne.
Haukes that be high it hurtes to light, two flightes wout reward
My flight is two, and three againe, alas Distresse regarde: (fowde
The Hauke brought low, is sone made high, by feeding on warme
Your mouthes breath setteth mee aloft, there is nothing so good.
Good Lady then strain forth y strings, whose tune may mee reuiue
And with straung tongue do not prolong, my ioyes thus to depriue.
Within your brest my hart is hid, your will and it is one,
Regard my smart, the cure is yours, and losse, when I am gone.
Thus all your owne, I recommend mee wholly to your grace,
As seemeth you best for to reward, my plight and wofull case.
Which plight if you do counterpaise, with ioyes, as doth belonge,
My hart for ioy would tune accorde, to singe some pleasant songe.

FINIS.

of gallant Inuentions.

¶ The Louers fata farewell at his death.



A wealth I must forsake, and pleasures eke forgo,
My life to ende in wo and græfe, my destiny is so
For where I had perswrt, with sute to win my ioy,
I found I had right speedy death, al welth for to destroy.
Whose Image lo I am, though lyuing I appeare,
Both body and soule be seporate, my heauen it is not here.
My harte I haue bestowed, wheras it is not found
Thou body the depart thou hence, why pleasurest thou the grounde
And Death draw thou mee neare, O Death my dearest frend,
Then with thy dart, shoot through my hart, my sorrows so to ende.
And when that death did heare the thing that I did craue,
He weighed mee, euen as I was, a man fit for the graue.
Come foliow mee sayth hee, thou man bee not agast,
Hee that delighteth in earthly things, shal feele these panges at last
All ye then that list to loue, this lesson learne by mee,
Or ye begin, noate well, the ende, is payne and misery.

FINIS.

¶ The Louer complayneth of his Ladies vnconstancy
to the Tune of I lothe that I did loue.

You granes of grisly ghosts I hate this lothsome life
Your charge from coffins send O Atropos draw nie,
From rozing rout in Plutoes costs Untwist y thred of mortall strife
You Furies vp ascend. Send death and let mee die.

You trampling steades of Hell For Beauties faynted trope
Come teare a wofull wight, Hath made my cares assay,
Whose haples hap no tonge can And sicklenes with her did cope:
The pen can well endight. (tell To fordge my whole decaye.

Cy

¶

The gorgeous Gallery

My sayth alas I gaue
To wight of Cressids kinde,
For stedfast loue I loue did craue
As curtesy doth binde.

Shē likewise troth doth plight
To bē a constant loue,
And proue her self euen maugre
A saythfull turtle Doue. (spight

But lo a womans minde
Cloakt hole with dēpe decept
And driuen with euery gale of
To bite at fresher bayt (winde.

For when bewitch shē had
My minde that erst was frē,
And that her cumly beauty bad
My wounded hart agree.

And first on Fancies loze
As world can witnesse beare,
No other saynt I did adoze:
O; I dole any whear

Pe will, no wo, o; smart
Could minde from purpose fet,
But that I had a lasons harte
The golden flēse to get.

Pe for my part I swere
By all the Gods aboue,
I neuer thought on other fere
O; sought for other loue.

In her the like consente
I saw ful oft appear,
If eyes be iudge of that it mente
O; cares haue power to heare.

Pet woozdes bē turnd to winde
A new found gest hath got
The Fort, which once, to vnder
And win I planted shot (mine

Her frēnd that ment her well
Out of concept is quite,
While other beares away y bell
By hitting of the white.

In this our wauering age
So light are womens mindes.
As Aspen leafe y stil doth rage
Though xole calme his windes.

No place hath due desart
No place hath constancy (start
In eueri mood their mindes back
As dayly we may see.

What paps did giue them food
That weue sutch webs of wo
What beast is of so cruell mood
That countes his frēnd for fo:

Pet women doo reward
With cares the loning wight
They constancy no whit regard,
In change is their delight.

For

of gallant Inuentions.

You gallant youths therfore
In time beware by mee

FINIS.

Take heed of womē's subtil loze,
Let mee example bee.

¶ The Louer, hauing sustayned ouermuch wrong at his
Ladies hande wisheth speedy death.

To feeble is the threed
That holdeth mee in lyfe,
That if it bee not succoured
Shoꝛt end shal stint the stryfe.

For though the spindle ronne
To draw the threed on length
Alas therby what hold is wonne
If it be weake of strength

O how can it haue ayde
Since rigor is so rife, (threed
In her whole handes to cut the
Gaue cruelly the knife.

Whose edge of Enuy hard
In Venus forge hath wrought,
Wherby his deth is thus preferd
Whose life offended nought.

But sithe thy chæse delite,
My chæse delightfull so, (spite
Is with such wrong to work the
With speed come end this wo.

And when my death hath done
My duty at her will,

A greater græfe be not begonne
To last therafter still.

For after death, if strife
Should still my life pursue,
What the doth death but breed a
Of mone & mischæse new? (life

Wherfore if nēdes thou wilt
Thy spindle spin no more,
But y this threed with spoyle bee
Which led my life before. (spilt

Provide then for the nonce
Provide for mee the best,
That I may dye at once
From all thy mindes vnrrest.

And let not presente death
Prefer an after paine,
But let the paines pas with my
And not reuue againe. (breath

For thus by this you shall
Two thinges at once fulfill,
I shalbe free that haue bin thrall:
And you shall haue your will.

FINIS.

The gorgeous Gallery

¶ The Louer exhorteth his Lady to bee
constant. To the Tune of
Attend thee go play thee.



Of light of loue lady,
Though fancy doe prick thee,
Let constancy possesse thy hart :
Well worthy of blamyng :

They bee, and defaming,
From plighted troth which backe do start :
Deare dame :

Then ficklenesse bannish,
And folly extinguisht,
Bee skilfull in guiding,
And stay thee from sliding
And stay thee. &c.

The constant are praysed
Their fame high is raysted
Their worthynesse doth pearce the skye,
The fickle are blamed :
Their lightiloue shamed,
Theyr foolishnesse doth make them dye :
As well,

Can Cressid beare witnesse,
Forge of her owne distresse,
Whom Leprosy paynted
And penury faynted :
And penury. &c.

Still Muses are busie
To tell vs of Thisbe
Whom steadfastnesse doth much commend
And Camilla is placed,
To blame the defaced
That light of loue doe sende.

Phedra

of gallant Inuentions.

Phedra,
Is checked most duly
Because that vnruly
Forst therto by loue light
Shæ slayeth Hippolite.
Shæ slayeth. &c.

A spring of annoyance,
And well of disturbance,
New fanglenesse in loue hath bin:
It killeth the Master,
It poysons the taster,
No worldly wight by it doth win.
Therfore,
Good lady bæ constant,
So shall you not bæ shent,
But worthely praysed,
As you haue deserued,
As you haue, &c.

FINIS.

The Louer wounded with his Ladies beauty
craueh mercy. To the Tune of
where is the life that late I led,

If pittie once may moue thy hart,
To reu a wofull wight?
If curtesy can force thy minde,
To beu my doulfull plight?

Sith I cannot deuise
To quench this raging fier,
With trickling teares I craue of thee
Attend to my desier:
Whom Venus fethered boy
Hath crasde with deadly dart,

Sens

The gorgeous Gallery

Bent from the rayes of those thy eyes
Which bzead my wo and smart.

In bewing thee I tooke sutch ioy
As wofull wight in rest
Untill the blinded boy I felte
Assault my captiue bzeest.
And since that time alas
Such pinching payne I taste
That I am now remedileste
If mercy make not haste.
For hid in deepe dispayre
My teares are all my ioy,
I burne, I fræse, I sinke, I swim
My wealth is mine annoy.

Lyke as the tender turtle Doue
Doth wayle the losse of mate,
In mourning wæd, so spend I tyme
Lamentinge mine estate.
The night renewes my cares
When weary limmes would rest,
And dreadfull dreames abandon slepe
Which had my græfes repzeest.
I drench my couch with teares
Which flow from gushing eyes,
A thousand heapes of hidden thoughtes
In minde I do deuise.

Full often times it doth mee good
To haunt and bew the place,
Where I receiued my wound, alas
By bewing of thy face.
Full oft it ioyes my hart
To kisse that clot of clay,

From

of gallant Inuentions.

From whence thou shot those louing looks
Which bred my whole decay.

O blessed place I cry
Though worker of my payne,
Kender I craue most hartely
To mee my loue agayne.

Not inofull Monsier dom Dieg
O Priams noble sonne,
Constrayned by loue did euer mone
As I for thee haue donne.
Sir Romeus annoy
But trifle seemes to mine,
Whose hap in winning of his loue
Did clue of cares vntwine.
My sorowes haue no ende
My hap no ioy can spie,
The flowing fountayne of my teares
Beginneth to ware drie.

Let pittie then requyte my payne
O worker of my woe,
Let mercy milde possesse thy harte
Which art my frendly foe.
Receiue the hart which heare
I yeld into her hand,
Which made by force a breach in fort
Which I could not withstande.
Thou hast in Ballance payd
My life and eke my death,
Thy loyalty contaynes my ioy
Disdayne will stop my breath.

If constant loue may reape his hire
And fayth may haue his due,

The gorgeous Gallery

God hope I haue your gentill hart
My grissie græfe will rue.
And that at length I shall
My hartes delight imbrace:
When due desart by curtesie,
Shall purchase mee thy grace.
Untill which time, my deare
Shall still increase my payne,
In pensue thoughtes and heauinesse:
Because I shall remayne.

FINIS.

¶ A Caueat to yongmen to shun the snares
of Cupids crafty sleighes.

If euer wight had cause to mone
or wayle with bitter teares,
His wretched life and wofull plight
that still in languish weares.
Then haue I cause that late haue lodgde.
such loue within my hart,
With græfe, with payne, with pynning panges:
my body boyles in smart.

O earth why dost not thou
my wofull plight sustayne?
O surging Seas with swallowing gulfe
release mee of this payne.
For languishing loue with dolefull domes
hath layd my hart in bryne,
O wofull wretch, O wicked wight
That so for loue doth pine.

The Sonne that shines with golde n beames
and dries the dewie flowers,

Doth

of gallant Inuentions.

Doth cause mee wretch with blubbering eyes
to gush forth extreame showers.

The hermony of chirping birdes
that ioyes with siluer songes,
Eche lyuing wight, doth cause my cares
to fill my hart with thzonges.

Eche gladsome ioy of mundaine glée
That glads the worldly minde,
Doth heape bp cares on carefull corps
agaynst all course of kinde.
And so eche thing that ought delight
and rid the minde from pause,
Contrariwise agaynst all right
a thousand cares doth cause.

For when that I in sugred sleepe,
most sweetly should take rest,
Then doe I wzing my wofull handes
and beate my dolefull brest.
And if I chaunce on sleepe to fall,
a thousand dzeames I haue:
And doe suppose I her embzace,
whose want will cause my graue.

And then with gladsome hart I ioy
thus cleane depziued of wo:
But (oh alas) when that I wake,
I finde it nothing so.
And then my sighes from sobbing harte
doth reauē my brest in twayne,
And teares that run from blubbered eyes
doth moze encrease my payne.

And when I should sustayne my lyfe
and feeble corps with fode,

The gorgeous Gallery

Unsauey seemes it vnto mee:
each thing should doe mee good

Amidst the nipping frostes I boyle,
in pearching heate I freele
And thus agaynst all course of kinde:
for loue my life I leese.
Who worth the time that first I lodgde
thy spoiling loue in harte,
You yonge men al bee warnd by mee
And shun blinde Cupids Dart

FINIS.

¶ The aged Louers noate, at length to learne to dye.

W hy askest thou the cause Wherfoze I am so sad Thou knowst whē age on-draws No creature can bee glad.	Like as the harte of Oke By time doth rot at last, Like time doth age prouoke With time my hart doth brast.
--	--

And sith shee hath mee rested And threatned mee to die: Therfore I am sequestred All mirth for to denie.	So thus by course of time By youth is gone and past, And now the turne is mine Of bitter death to taste.
---	---

And now with feeble age The rest of all my dayes, My countenance must be full sage: Since that my life decays.	And noate that I haue sayd The cause wherof and why, My youthfull partes be playde And I must learne to die. FINIS.
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of gallant Inuentions.

¶ The desperate Louer exclaymeth his Ladyes cruelty
and threatneth to kill himselfe.

My ioyful dayes bee past,
My plasant yeres be gone,
My life it may not last
My graue and I am one.

I see thee knoweth my harte
And how I doe complayne,
I see thou knoweth my smarte
Shée seeth I doe not fayne.

My mirth, and all is fled
And I a man in woo,
Desireth to bee dead
My mischance to forgoe.

I see my helpe at hand
I see my death also.
I see where thee doth stand
I see my cruell fo.

I burne and am a colde
I freeze in midst of fire,
I see thee doth with hold
That most I doe desire.

I see, what would you more?
Shée would mee gladly kill,
And thee shall see therfore
That thee shall haue her will.


I see that thee doth see
And yet thee wilbe blinde,
I see in heapinge mee
Shée seeketh and wil not finde.

I cannot liue by stones
It is to harde a food,
I would be dead at once
to doe my Lady good.

I see how thee doth wepe
When I begin to mone,
I see when I come nye
How fayne thee would be gone.

Shée shall haue her request
And I will haue mine ende,
Lo heere my bloudy brest
To please her most vnkinde.
FINIS.

¶ The Louer beeing blinded with the faythlesse loue of his Lady
is contented to remit her fault vpon promis of amendment.

 Ince that thou diddest mee loue
When lust did thee prouoke,
And that thou dost well proue:
That I cannot reuoke.

The gorgeous Gallery

By fréndship fast, my loue noꝝ my good will,
Shew some relaxe, least in dispayze I spill.

How well I was content
Alwayes to follow thee:
How well I did assent,
Thy thꝛall aye foꝝ to bee
Thy selfe can iudge to whom I doe appeale,
By sentence lo, to yeld mee woꝝ weale.

But if thou mee foꝝsake,
As Cressid that forgot,
True Troylus her make,
And that thy hart is whot (die,
On him whom shame did foꝝce thee once his fayth to
I see no hope but y hee must yeld foꝝth himself to die.

And though thou thinke that I,
Am loth thee to foꝝgoe,
Yet shall I rather die
Then liue and please my foe:
But hindꝛe him in loue, all others doth refrayne,
Whose treasō once did mee purchase thy due disdain

FINIS.

¶ A worthy comparison of Vertue agaynst
all worldly pompe.



When that I way with wit, and eke consider now,
The tickle stay of her, that Fortunes whæle doth bow
And turne euen at her will, such luck, loe, as shee list,
No thꝛead so surely spenne, but that shee may vntwist.
I can but aye lament, and wayle the lacke of them,
That in her holde doe trust, weighing they are but men.

of gallant Inuentions.

For if I were a Lorde, and come of high degree,
And had all thing at will, as best contented mee:
My Prince therewith well pleased, that nothing might offend,
And all my deedes so done, that eche man might commend.
My parent of great state, and eke of worthy fame,
That worldly men did wish, the honoꝝ of his name:
My friends and mine allyes so worthy in eche presse,
That I neede beare no wrong, that I could not redresse.
Of courage and of strength, so doughty of my hand,
That Ladies might mee loue, that dwell in forrayn land.
And enemyes might mee dread, for feare of ouerthrow,
And that all this were true, eche worldly wight did know.
Yet were I but a man, and mortall in this earth,
For death doth not accept, the worship of my birth:
Since so I holde it best, that eche man should contend,
So to directe himselfe, that after this liues ende,
Yet vertue might remayne, that soundes a Trompet, loe,
A comfort to a frend, a wound vnto a foe.

*As some to simple turne from sage,
And ouerthrow with euery winde,
some eke correct with rigorous rage
Whom wealth could neuer foord good minde,
Hath wonne in prison such a feelde,
As liberty could neuer ycelde.*

FINIS. *virtute nulla possessio maior.*

¶ Of a happy wished time.

Eche thing must haue a time, and tyme both try mens troth,
And troth deserues a special trust, on trust great frenship growth:
And frendship is full fast, where saythfulnesse is found
And saythfull thinges be ful of fruite, and fruitfull thinges be sound
The sound is good in pꝛowe, and pꝛowe is Prince of prayse,
And worthy prayse is such a pearle, as lightly not decayes.

The gorgious Gallery

All this doth time bring forth, which time I must abide,
How should I boldly credit craue: till time my truth haue tried.
And as a time I found, to fall in fancies frame,
So do I with an happy time, at large to shew the same.
If fortune answer hope, and hope may haue her hire,
Then shall my hart possesse in peace, the time that I desire.

FINIS.

¶ The Louer perswadeth him selfe to pacience
agaynst Enuie and slanderous tongues.

I If only sight suffise, my hart to loose or binde,
What cause haue I to moue debate, wherby no peace I finde?
If that my restless will, by payne doth still renue,
What force haue I: but shee consent, my fo foe to subdue?
To yeeld and suffer then, I thinke it for the best,
And by desert as time shall serue, to purchase quiet rest.
Let ielous enuy lowze with browes, and visage bent,
I know the worst, no shameles tongue, shall alter myne intent.
The Dice of Loue are throwen, god speede the doubtfull chaunce
Misdeeme who lyst, so shee at last, my seruice will aduance,
To aske and to obtayne, that fortune were so swifte,
Sith trauaill is the ready way, vnto eche noble gyfte.
And feeble is the ioy, that lightly is begonne,
As tender flaxe can beare no streesse, before that it bee sponne.
Wherfore with sad aduice, in hope my harte shall dwell,
And all the tale that I confesse, in silence will I tell
Vnto her selfe alone, whose fauour I require,
None els shall know her name for mee, to constre my desire.

FINIS.

of gallant Inuentions.

¶ The Louer greeuously complayneth agaynst the vniust
dealing of his Lady beloued.

Since thou vniust, hast caught a lust,
To plough in barrayne ground :
Who long the loue, hee shall thee proue,
Mutch better lost then found.

As brickle clay, in Winters day,
That in the frost is wzought,
So doe I finde, thy double minde,
Mutch better solde then bought.

It is as æfe, a broken Syue,
Should holde the dropping rayne :
As for to binde, thy chaunged minde,
That nought can doe but fayne.

So may I say, both night and day,
Cursing the time and place:
Where I profess, to loue thee best,
Whose troth I finde so scace.

Whose lyinge wordes, and faigned bourdes,
Did mee so far enchayne:
When thou didst flyt, by chaunged wit,
That I could not refraine.

But of my hart, to ease the smart,
The best redzesse I know:
Is to vntwinde, my constant minde,
And let such fantasies goe.

For though, I serue, vntill I sterue,
I see none other boote

The gorgeous Gallery

Such doublenesse, thy hart doth presse,
And croppes it by the roote.

Yet will I pray, euen as I may,
That Cupid will requite,
Thy froward harte, with such a smart,
As I haue by thy spite.

For to bee fed, with wake a bed,
And fast at boorde among:
Will thou confesse, ah pittilesse,
That thou hast done mee wrong.

On bush and brier, may it appeare,
Wherby most men doe pas,
Thy fayned fayth, how nere my death,
It hath mee brought alas.

That they vncought, may once bee taught,
By reason to refrayne:
Their crafty wiles, and subtill smiles:
That so in loue can fayne.

A due vniust, sith that I must,
Of force declare thee so,
The fault is thine, the payne is mine:
And thus I let thee go.

FINIS.

¶ The Louer in great distresse comforteth
himselfe with hope.



Heavy hart whose harmes be bid,
Thy healpe is hurte, thy hap is hard,
If thou shouldest brast, as God forbid:
Then should I dye without reward,

of gallant Inuentions.

Hope well to haue, hate not swæ't thought,
Ofte cruell stormes faire calmes haue brought:
After sharp showres, the sunne shyneth faire,
Hope commeth likewise after dispayre.

In hope a Kinge doth go to warre,
In hope the Louer lyues full longe,
In hope the Marchaunt sayles full farre,
In hope most men doe suffer wronge:
In hope the Ploughman soweth much sæde,
Thus hope helpes thousands in their næde.
Then faynt not hart amonge the rest,
What euer chaunce hope thou the best.

Though wit biddes will to blowe retrayte,
Wyll cannot worke as wit would wish
When that the Roche doth taste the bayte:
Too late to warne the hungry fishe.
When Cities be en of firy flame,
Great Ryuers scarce will quenche thesame.
If Will and Fantasie be agræd
Too late for, Wyt to bid take heede.

FINIS.

¶ In the commendacion of faythfull loue.

The faithfull cannot flye, nor wander to nor fro,
Fayth only they holde them bye, though that the fickle go.
A Pillar of more force, then Marble layd with hand,
With Pickaxe may deuorce, and lay it flat on land.
Th'other so deuine, that no arte can remoue,
Once layd cannot decline, th'only Pillar loue,

FINIS.

The gorgious Gallery

¶ The Louer wisheth himselfe an Harte in the Foreste, (as
Acteon was) for his Ladyes sake.



Would I were Acteon, whom Diana did disguise,
To walke the woods vnknown, wheras my lady lies:
A hart of pleasant hew, I wish that I were so,
So that my Lady knew, alone mee, and no mo.

To follow thicke and plaine, by hill and dale alow,
To drinke the water sayne, and feede mee with the floe:
I would not feare the frost, to lye vpon the ground,
Delight should quite the cost, what payne so that I found.

The shaling nuts and mast, that falleth from the tre,
Should serue for my repast, might I my Lady see:
Sometime that I might say, when I saw her alone,
Beholde thy slaue alone, that walkes these woods vnknown.

FINIS.

¶ An Epytaph vpon the death of Arthur
Fletcher of Bangor Gent.

YE grisly ghostes which walke below in black Cocytus Lakes,
Midis Ditis dennes, Erebus Dames, with heare of ugly Snakes
Medusa with thy monstrous mates, assist mee now a while,
In dyre wamenting verse to shew, and pierce dolefull stile,
The sayre vntimely fatall ende of Fletcher, now by death,
Vnto the Ayre his soule with Loue, resignde his latest breath:
Whose life full due we must commend, as it deserues the same,
And conuersation to eche one, did seldome meryt blame.
A faythfull frend to eche hee was, to none an oppen foe,
Vnto his Prince a subiect true, till fates had lodgd him loe.
His actes did tend to no mans harmes, no Parasite to prayse,
For greedy gayne but still the troth, mayntaynd at all assayes.

His

of gallant Inuentions.

His time hēe spent in Vertues loze, as sēemd his state full wel,
By serious study what hēe could, hēe sought foꝛ to excel.
But what of al this same? the fates no wight in time wyl spare,
Whēe gastly death hath pearst in earth, thēe must our bodyes weare
In age aswell in youtnes, in youtnes aswell in age,
No certayne time wēe haue to bide, when death with vs wil wage.
No thing can still abide, but comes to nought in ende,
The craggy Rocks the sturdiest okes: starke rotten once is rend.
And so hath Fletcher, now to death payd his due,
What hēe is now wēe must bēe all, his Funerall then bew.

FINIS.

¶ A Lady writeth vnto her Louer wherein shee most
earnestly chargeth him with Ingratitude.



Wretched wight whom hensfooꝛth may I trust
All men both false and fell I will them painte,
If thou (vnkinde) bēe cruell and vniust
Whom I alwayes so faythfull held and quainte:
What cruelty? what trustles treasons iust?

Was euer hard by tragicall complaint?
But lesse then this, my merit if I may,
And thy desert in equall ballance lay.

Wherfoze (vnkinde) since that on liue?
A worthier wight of pꝛowes ne beauty,
Se that by much to thee that doth arise,
In cumly poꝛte ne genozositie.
Why dost thou not twēe these thy vertues arise,
It may bee sayd thou hast serbillitie:
Then say that who of fayth is holden stable:
There may to him none els bēe comparable.

The gorgeous Gallery

For write ye not that vertues haue no grace
Wheras this trust and stabledesse doth want,
As other things, though much of cumly face :
Cannot be seene, where gladsome light is skant.
A mayd to false for thee, an easie case,
Whose Idol, Lord & God thou werst most puissant
Whom with thy wordes it easily had bin donne,
To make beleue both colde and darke the sonne.

Cruell, what offence hast thou for to bewayle,
The killing of thy loue if thou not repent :
If ye accompte so light of sayth to sayle :
What other sinne can make thy harte lament :
How treate you foes, if mee ye doe assaile :
That loues thee so, with such cruell torment :
The heauens iustles, I will say to bee :
In case they shew the iust reuenge of mee.

If of offences all, that monstrous vice
Ingratitude, do most a man offend,
And if for that, an Angell of great price,
Was forced to Hell, from heauen to dissend :
If great offence, great chastisment entice
When to refoz me, the hart doth not him bend,
Take heed sharp skourge that God on thee not send
Thou art to mee vnkinde, and dost not mend.

If these also, besides some other spot
I haue (vnkinde) wherof thee to accuse,
That thou my hart with holdst, I meane it not,
I speake of thee that madest thee myne by lot,
And robbest mee since, against reaso which I must
Restoze (vnkinde) for well thou wottest it playne,
They shalbe damned that others goods retaine.
Unkinde

of gallant Inuentions.

Unkinde, thou hast forsaken mee, but I will
Not will thee willingly for none assaies
Yet this hard hap, and trouble for to die,
I can and will, ende these my wofull dayes :
In onely way, in thy disgrace to dye,
For if the Gods had graunted by their payes
My death, geuen then, when I stood in thy grace,
No wight had dyed in halfe so happy a case.

FINIS.

¶ The Louer vnto his Lady beloued,
of her disdaynfulnesse toward him,

(might,

For beauties sake though loue doth dread thy
And Venus thinks, by sute to proue thy dame:
Though Pallas strives, by hope of equall right,
For Wisdoms watch, as daughter thee to claime.
Though Mercury would entitled be thy Syre,
For thy sweet talke, so sweetly blazed forth:
Though all the Gods, do burne in like desire,
Thy graces rare, in heauen so much worth:
Yet lo, thy proufe I know, the trusty waight,
Of Tygars milke, thou fostered wert from molde,
And Cipres Well with dainful chaung of freight.
Gave thee to drinke infected poyson colde.
But yet beware, least loue renew in thee,
The dreadfull flame Narcissus whylom felt,
With eger moode, and sight to feede thine eye.
Of thine owne, from others flame to swell:
For loue doth loue with hot reuenge to weake,
The ruthles Iron hart, that will not bzeake.

FINIS.

The gorgeous Gallery

The Louer in the prayse of his beloued
and comparison of her beauty.



Of thee for whom proud Troy did fall and burne,
The Greekes eke slaine, that bluddy race did runne:
For thee for spight that did Acteon turne,
Into an Hart her beauty cove did shunne:
For thee whose blud vpon Achilles Tombe,
Whose face would tame a Tygars harte:
For thee that wan by wise of Paris dome.
Th'apple of Golde for Beauty to her parte:
For thee whose eyes did pearce true Troylus brest,
And made him yeld, that knew in loue no law,
Might be compared to the fayrest and the best,
Whom Nature made to keepe the rest in awe:
For Beauties sake, sent downe from loue aboue,
Thise happy is hee, that can attayne her loue.

FINIS.

In the prayse of a beautifull and vertuous Virgin,
whose name begins with M.

(do leade

Behold you Dames y raigne in fames, whose lookes mens harts
And triumph in the spoyle of those, vpon whose brests you trede.
A myrrour make of M, whose molde, Dame Nature in disdayne,
To please her self, & spight her foes, in beauty rayso to raigne:
Whose sunny beames & starry eyes, presents a heauenlyke face,
And shewes the world a wonderous worke, such are her giftes of
In forhed, feature beareth, brunt in face doth fauor guyde, (grace
In lookes is life, in shap is shame, in cheekes doth coulor hyde:
In boddy seemlynesse doth shew, in wordes doth wisdom shade,
All partes of her doth prayse deserue, in temprance is her trade.
In humble porte is honor plaske, in face is maydens smyles
Her life is graste with Golden giftes, her deedes deuoyd of gyles.
And

of gallant Inuentions.

And as the Star to Marriners, is guyde vnto the Port,
So is this M, a heauenly ioy, to Louers that resort:
Who run and come with inward wounds, & folded armes acrosse,
And hide their harms with clokes of care, & feed their hope wth losse.
Her lookes doth lift aboue the skyes, her frowns to Hel doth throw
All sues to her, shee seeks on none, that daily proue doth show:
Wherefore her saying late set forth, shee burnt and could not flæ,
Though ment in prayse, yet far amis, I take it wzitten bæ.
Shee is none such as if shee would, that any would disdayne:
But for the smartes of others græfes, of pittie shee did playne,
As one most lothe of any lyfe, for loue of her bee losse,
O, that with blud or cruell dædes, men wryte her beauties bosse:
For mercy is in M, her brest, and modest is her life,
A courtuous mayd, and like to proue, a constant woorthy wife.

FINIS.

¶ The Louer deceyued by his Ladyes vnconstancy,
writeth vnto her as foloweth.

The heat is past that did mee fret,
The fier is out that nature wrought
The plantes of youth that I did set,
Are dry and dead within my thought
The frost hath slayne the kindly sap,
That kept the hart in liuely state:
The sodayne storme and thunder clap:
Hath turned loue, to mortall hate.

The myst is gon that bleard mine eyes,
The lowzing cloudes I see appeare,
Though that the blinde eate many flyes,
I would you knew, my sight is cleare:
Your sweete deceyuing flatteryng face
Did make mee thinke that you were white:

The gorgeous Gallery

I muse how you had such a grace :
To seeme a Hauke, and bee a kyte.

Where precious ware is to be solde,
They shall it haue, that giueth most :
All things wee see, are won with Golde,
Few things is had, where is no cost.
And so it fareth now by mee,
Because I preace to giue no gyftes:
Shée takes my sute vnthankfully,
And dzyues mee of with many dzyftes.

Is this th'end of all my sute,
For my good will, to haue a skorne ?
Is this of all my paynes the frute,
To haue the chaffe in steade of cozne ?
Let them that lyst, posses such dzyffe,
For I deserue a better gayne :
Yet had I rather leane with losse,
Then serue and sue, and all in vayne.

FINIS.

¶ A true description of Loue.



Aske what loue is: it is a passion,
Begun with rest, and pampred vp in play :
Planted on sight, and nourished day by day,
With talke at large, for hope to graze vpon,
It is a short ioy, long sought, and soone gon:
An endles maze, wherein our willes doe stray :
A gylefull gaine, repentance is the pay.
A great fier bred of small occasion,
A plague to make, our fraylty to vs known,
Where wee therby, are subiecte to their lay :
Whose fraylty ought, to leane vntill our day,

of gallant Inuentions.

In case our selues, this custome had not knowen.
Of hope and health, such creatures for to pray,
Whose glozy resteth chæfly on denaye.


FINIS.

¶ The Louer to his beloued, by the name
of fayre, and false.

O Cruell hart with falsehood infecte, of force I must complayne,
Whose poyson hid, I may detect, as cause doth mee constrain:
Thy name I shryne within my brest, thy deedes though I do tell,
No minde of malice I protest, thy selfe doth know it well.
If thy deserts then bids mee write, I cannot well reuoke it,
I shall not spare to shew thy spite, I will no longer cloake it:
As Troylus truth shall bee my shield, to kepe my pen from blame,
So Cressids craft shall kepe the feld, for to resound thy shame.
Vlisses wife shall mate the soze, whose wishly troth doth shine,
Well fayre and false, I can no more, thou art of Helens lync:
And daughter to Diana eke, with pale and deadly cheare, yeare.
Whose often chaunge I may well like, two monthes within the

FINIS.

¶ The Louer describeth his paynfull plight, and
requireth speedy redresse, or present death.

 He slaue of seruite sort, that borne is bond by kinde,
Doth not remayne in hope, wth such vnquiet minde:
He tossed craſſe Ship, with y^rkſome ſurging ſeas,
So greedely the quiet Port, doth thirſt to ride at eaſe.
As I thy ſhort returne, with wiſhing bolues require,
In hope that of my hatefull harmes, the date will then expire:
But time with ſtealing ſteps, and drier y^e dayes doth drie,
And thou remainſt then bound to come, if that thou bee alieue.

The gorgeous Gallery

O cruell Tygars whelp, who had thy hand in holde?
When y with flattering pen thou wzotst, thy help at hand behold:
Belæue it to bee true, I come without delay,
A fole and silly simple soule, yet dost thou still betray:
Whose moueles loue and trust, doth reason far surmount,
Whom Cupids trumpe, to fatall death hath sommond to accompt
My sayth and former life: fed with such frendly fier,
Haue not of thee by iust reward, deserued such salts hyer:
I promisse thee not mine, but thy case I bewayle,
What infamy may greater bee, then of thy sayth to fayle?
How ofte with humble sute: haue I besought the sonne, (to ronne:
That hee would spur his Coursers scarce, their race more swifte
To th'end with quicker speed, might come the promised day,
The day which I with louing lokes, and weary will did pray.
But thou art sure disposde to glozy in my death,
Wherfore to feede thy fancy sond, loe, here I ende my bzeath.
I can not sighe nor sob, alway by playnt I pine:
I see my fatall fainting file, ye Sisters doe vntwine,
The Heriman I finde, prest at the Riuer side:
To take mee in his restless Boate, therin with him to ride.
And yet although I sterue, thzough thy dispitous fault:
Yet craue I not in my reuenge, that harne should thee assault,
But rather that thy fame, eternally may shine:
And that ecche to thine auayle, abundantly encline.
That ecche thine enterpryse, hath luckye lot and chaunce,
And stable fortune, thine estate, from day to day aduance,
That Sun, that Moone, that starres, and eke the plannets all,
The fier, the water, and the earth, may frendly to thee sal.
That many quiet yeres, thou number may with rest:
Voyd of all annoyes and græues, as may content thee best,
And if that foraine loue, torment and bere thy harte:
God yeeld thy weary wanting wish, and swagement of thy smart.
With forward clearing face, at mee if Fortune frowne,
Thou doost reioyce and I not so, but ioy thy good renowne:
And if I thee offend, for that I doe thee loue,
Forgiue it mee: for force it is, I can it not remoue.

of gallant Inuentions.

For I in secret sort, these lines to thee did I write,
My weakned wearied hand henceforth, shall cease for to endyte :
That letters to receiue from mee, thou neede not muse :
The messenger that next of all, of mee shall bring the newes.
Dissolued from the corps, shall be my dolefull spight : (sight,
That first (vntheathd) shall passe to thee, when he hath betwixt thy
Contented hee shall go vnto the heauens aboue,
In case that ioyed rested place, may gayne it any lone.
And now for that my death, thy name may spot and stayne :
If that the flying fame therof, to others eares attayne,
I will not it were red, or knowen by other wayes :
That thou art only cause, I thus in ruthe doe ende my dayes.
Wherefore this Letter red, condemne it to the flame :
And if thou do thy honno: forse, I know thou wilt thesame,
And if in lingring time, vnwares they chaunce to come :
Wherin the entrayles of the earth, shall hap to bee my tombe.
At least yet grant mee this, it is a small request :
O happy wythered pynd corps, God send thy soule good rest.

FINIS.

¶ The Lady beloued, assureth her Louer to bee his
owne, and not to change, while life doth last.

D Care hart as earst I was, so will I stil remayne,
Till I am dead, and more if more may bee:
Howsoeuer lone do yeeld mee ioy or payne,
Or Fortune lyst to smile or frowne on mee
No chaunging chaunce my fast sayth may constrayne,
No more then Waues, or beating of the Sea
May stir the stedfast rocke, that will not ply,
For sayre nor fowle one inche, no more will I.
A file or knife of lead, shall sooner carue
The Diamant vnto what forme you will :
Ore Fortunes dynte, compell mee for to swarue,
Or the ire of Loue, to breake my constant will,

The gorgeous Gallery

Woe sooner shall, the law of nature starue,
When Ryuers take their course agaynst the hill,
Ere sodayne hap, for better or for worse,
Distrurne my thoughts, to take a better course.

With hartes consent, my loue you doe possesse,
A surer holde may chauce, then many weene :
The sayth by othe, that subiectes doe confesse,
To their new prince, is seldome stronger scene:
No fymer state than that, which loue doth sure expresse,
Of kinge, ne Keyser hitherto hath been :
So that you neede not fortifie your hould,
With Towre or Ditch, least others win it should.

For though you set, no Souldiers for defence,
For all assaults, this one may yet suffice :
It is not goods can alter my pretence,
No gentle hart, yeeldes to so vile a prise.
Though crowne and septier, few would dispise,
Not beauty meete, to moue a wauering minde,
Yet more then yours, I wot not where to finde.

And feare you not, what forme my hart once tooke,
Least any new print, shall the same deface :
So deepe therein, ingraued is your looke,
As neuer may bee wyped from that place:
My hart like Ware, so lightly did not bryoke,
More then one stroke, ere Cupid brought to passe
One splint of skale, therof to take away,
The best reserved, your Image to pourtray.

That like as what stone, it selfe best defendeth,
And hardiest is with tooles to bee graue :
Doth sooner breake in peeces, then it bendeth,
To loze the stampe, afoze my hand it gaue:
Euen so the nature, of my hart contendeth,
As hard is this, as any stone you haue :

Though

Of gallant Inuentions.

Though forse do bzeake it, vnto pèces small,
Those pèces somewhat, you resemble shall.

FINIS.

¶ In the prayse of the rare beauty, and manifold
vertues of Mistres D. as followeth.

If Chawcer yet did lyue, whose English tongue did passe,
Who sucked dzy Pernaſſus ſpring, and raſte the Juice there was:
If Surrey had not ſcalde, the height of Ioue his Throne,
Vnto whose head a pillow ſofte, became Mount Helycon:
They with their Muſes could, not haue pronounſt the fame,
Of D. faire Dame, lo, a ſtaming ſtock, the chæſe of natures frame.
They would but haue eclipsed, her beanties golden blaſt,
For Ouid yet of Poets Prince, whose wits all others paſt.
Olde Neſtor with his tongue, and ſlowing dew ſo ſweete,
Would rather haue bereſte her right, then pend her prailes mate
In Helens heauenly face, whose grace the Greekes bought deare,
For whose defence prou'd Troy did ſal, ſuch forme did not appeare.
In Hectors ſiſter loe: who Pirhus Father rapte,
Did not abound ſutch beauty bzight, as now to D, hath hapt:
For D, doth paſſe as far, Dame Venus with her priſe,
As Venus did the other two, by dome of Paris wiſe.
If ſhe had preſent ben, within the walles of Ide,
They would not had ſuch diſcord then, nor Paris iudgd that ſide:
In minde all boyd of doubt, they ſtraight agræd would,
That D, ſhould of good right, the Aple haue of Golde.
Whom as I muſt beleue, that nature did create,
To rob the hartes of noble Kings, and courage ſtoute to mate:
Her forehead ſeemely ſpaſte, wherin do ſhine her eyes,
No whit vnlike to ſtarres by night, or beame when Phebus riſe.
Her haire that ſhines like golde, her ſhoulders couer whight,
To which no ſnow on Mountayne highe, may be compared right:
Her mouth well compaſt ſmall, in ſmylings vtters forth
A treaſure riche of Orient Pearle, ther to no Golde moze worth,

The gorgious Gallery

I feare much Promethius fall, dare no further wade,
Whom loue embraced with the shape, that hee so finely made:
Yet this I dare presume, one thought of her may draw,
A harte of Iron, and it subdue, vnto blinde Cupids law.
I sorrow to recite, the bitter teares that flow:
Within the eyes of other Dames, that beauty know.
I weepe to wayle in minde, the burning sights that flame:
In troubled hartes of Patures case in spreading of her fame,
They all doe curse themselves, of Nature makes complaynt,
That hee on them had smal regard, that did her thus depaynt.
Of her doth nobles spring, and suitors sue for grace, (place,
And fountaines eke of sugred speech, where voice can take no
Here Pallas should haue lost her prayse, for wisdom great,
Who gendered was of Loue his bzaines, wher wisdom toke his seat.
Here wise Vlisses wyfe, whose chastnesse bzued her fame:
Should matched bee, ye mated eke, in ventring of the same.
Prowe Tarquin with his force, which Lucrelle did defile:
Could not haue spoyled faire D. so, with neither sound nor gyle.
This Dame I thinke bee such, that heauen can undermine,
And lifte the earth vnto the skyes, eche stone a star to shine.
If passed time (alas) might now returne agayne,
And all the wittes that euer was, would herein take the payne:
They could not at the ful, no due giftes expresse,
A wight vnfit to bee in earth, in heauen no such goddesse.
Whose name shall flourish still, though Atropos with spight:
In running from her deuellish Den, bereaue vs of this light,
Though Thesiphon do cut, her time of life a way:
Her cankred Sword cannot assaile, her fame for to decay.
For we in these our dayes, our selues may better quight:
To geue to her the cheefest prayse, then Paris which did right.
Lesse hatred cannot want, though power for to reuenge:
Our stately house as they did Troy, their force doth faile to senge.
Their might if it were like, these verses wee should rew,
With no lesse payne then Ouid did, whose greefe by Duses grew.

FINIS.

of gallant Inuentions.

Prety parables, and Prouerbes of Loue.



Spake when I ment not, in speeding to gayne,
I sought, when I sped not, but frauaild in bayne :
I found where I heard not, would wryth to the wind,
I losse where I lovd not, nor forld to finde.
Nothing in which, truth is not trustie,
But double is such, and beauty but rustie :
I coole with the colde, I leue that I like not,
I know not the olde, that rotteth and ripes not.
I tauoz no such, that fondly doth fauo?,
I care not to much, for such so? fauo? :
I taste o? I try, in parte o? in all,
I care not a fyve, the losse is but small.
I labo? at leasure, I pycke without payne,
In bling for pleasure, beates in my b?ayne :
I spare not in by?ding, to beat well the bush,
No? leaue not in stryking, as long as they rush.
I try ere I trust, nought wasting but winde,
Befoze I finde iust, they know not my minde :
I iet not with Geminie, no? tarry not with Tawre
In bluttring who bleares mee? I leaue them with Lawre.
For fier who syndeth, in burning to bight,
The wise man hae warneth, to leape from the light :
For seing the waede, and losing from bandes,
The plowing in Sea, and sowing in Sandes.

FINIS.

The gorgeous Gallery

Of patience.

A Soueraygne salue there is for eche disease :
The chiefe reuenge for cruell ire
Is pacience, the cheefe and present ease,
For to delay eche yll desire.

Of lawlesse lust.

A neuerlasting bondage doth hee chuse,
That can not tell a litle how to vse :
Hee scant ynough for shame puruayes,
That all alone to lust obayes.

Of will, and reason.

I Count this conquest great,
That can by reasons skill :
Subdue affection heate,
And vanquish wanton will.

Of three things to be shunned.

Three things, who seekes for prayse, must flye,
To please the taste with wine.

Is one: another, for to lye

Full softe on fethers fine.

The thirde and hardest for to shunne,

And chiefeest to eschew,

Is lickerous lust, which once begun,

Repentance doth ensue.

Of beauty, and chastity.

Chastity a vertue rare,

Is seldome knowne to run her race :

Where cumly shap and beauty faire,

Are seene to haue a byding place.

Of wisdom.

Who seeketh the renowne to haue,

And eke the prayse of Vertues name :

Of wisdom rare hee ought to craue,

With gladsome will to worke the same.

of gallant Inuentions.

Of a pure conscience.

A Conscience pure withouten spot,

That knoweth it selfe for to bee free:

Of flanders tothsome reketh not,

A bzazen wall full well may bee.

Of frendship founde by chaunce.

The frendship found by chaunce is such,
As often chaunce is seene to chaunge:

And therfoze trust it not to much,

Pe make therof a gaine to straunge:

For pzoofe hath taught by hap is had,
Sometime as well the good as bad.

Of good will got by due desert.

But I suppose the same good will,

That once by good desert is got:

That fancy findes by reasons skill,

And time shall try withouten spot,

As such as harde is to bee gayned,

And woꝝ thy got to bee retayned.

Of flatterers and faythfull friendes.

The finest tongue can tel the smoothest tale,

The hottest fiers haue ofte the highest smoke:

The hardiest knightes the soonest will assaile,

The strongest armes can giue the sturdest stroke

The wysest men be thought of greatest skill,

And poꝝest frendes be found of most goodwill.

Of a vertuous, life, age, and death.

God wot my frend our life full soone decayes,

And vertue boydes no wrinkles from the face:

Approching age by no entreatie stayes,

And death vntamed, will graunt no man grace.

FINIS.

A proper Posie for a Handkercher.

Fancy is scarce, Desire is bolde,

Will is wilfull, but Reason is colde,

The gorgeous Gallery

The Louer beeing ouermuch weryed with seruile
lyfe, compareth it to a Laborinth.



V I thspedy winges, my feathered toges pursues,
My wretched life, made old by weame dayes:
But as the fire of Etna, stil renues,
And breeds as much, by flame as it decays:
My eany cares, that once I thought would end me,
Prolongs my life, the more mishap to lende me.

Oh haples will, with such vnsway eyes,
About mishap that hast thy selfe bewatched:
Thy trust of weale, my wailfull people deues,
To wofull state wherby I am bequethed:
And into such a Laborinth betake,
As Dedalus for Minotaure did make.

With helples search, wheras it were affinde,
Without reuoke, I tread these endles dayes:
Where more I walke, the more my selfe I finde.
Without a guyde, in Torments tryng wayes:
In hope I dread, where to and fro I come,
By death no life, and findes no better home.

But lithe I see, that sorrow cannot good,
These haples howres, the lines of my mischance:
And that my hope, can nought a whit amend,
My bitter dayes, no better hap aduance:
I shall shake of, both doubtfull hope and drede,
And so bee pleased, as God is best agreed.

FINIS.

of gallant Inuentions.

How to choose a faythfull freende.

Though that my yeares, full far too stande aloft,
From counsell sage, or Wises good aduice :
What I doo know by soone repenting prooffe,
I shall you tell, and learne if you be wise.

From fined wits, that telles the smoothest tale,
Beware, their tongues doo flatter oft a wyse :
A modest loke shall well set forth your sale,
Trust not to much, befoze somewhat you try :
So guyde your selfe in worde, and eke in dede,
As bad and good may praysse your sober name :
Assay your freend, befoze your greatest neede,
And to conclude, when I may doo that same,
That may you please, and best content your minde,
Assure your selfe, a faythfull freend to finde.

FINIS.

The Louer beeing accused of suspicion of flattery, pleadeth
not gytkie, and yet is wrongfully condemned.

The same for to reuenge, ethe wrong in hastie wise,
By prooffe we see of gyltlesse men, it hath not bin the guile :
In slaunders lothsome brute, when they condemned bee,
With rageles moodes they suffer wronge, when truth shall trye
These are the pacient panges, y pas within the brest (them free :
Of those that feele their case by mine, where wrong hath right
I know how by suspect, I haue been indged a wyse, (opprest :
And graunted gyltie in the thing, that clearly I denye.
My fayth may mee defende, if I might leuid bee,
God iudge mee so, as from that gylte I know mee to bee free :
I wrought but for my freend, the greefe was all mine owne,
As if the troth were truely tryde, by prooffe it might be knowne.
Yet are there such that say, they ran my meaning deeme,
Without respect to this olde troth: things proue not as they seeme:
Wherby

The gorgeous Gallery

Wherby it may befall, in iudgment to bee quicke,
To make them be suspecte therewith, that needeth not to kicke:
Yet in resisting wrong, I woulde not haue it thought,
I do accuse as though I knew, by whom it may be wrought:
If any such there be, that herewithall be vext,
It were their vertue to beware, and deeme mee better nexte.

FINIS.

The Louer describeth the dangerous
state of Ambition.



Cholde these high and mighty men,
Their chaunging state and tell mee then:
Where they o2 wee, best dayes doo see,
Though wee seeme not and they to bee
In wealth.

Their pleasant course straung traces hath,
On tops of trees that groundles path:
Full waueringly.

For bee it calme they tread not fast,
Blow roughe, blow soft, all helpe is past:
Appearingly.

With vs, ye see, it is not so,
That cline not vp, but kepe below:
In calmes our course is faire and playne,
Huge hilles defendes from sto, my rayne:
For why?

The raging winde and sto, my holwer,
On mountaynes high it hath most power
Naturally.

But wee that in lowe valleis lyt,
Beholde may such as wander bye:

So sydingly:
Then what is hee that will aspire,
To crape such woe to please desire:

What

of gallant Inuentions.

That may in wealth by staying still,
Spend well his dayes and fly from yll:

To good.

By hauing his recourse to God
To loue his lawes to feare his rod:

Unfaynedly.

To doo that in his worde wee finde,
To helpe the pooze, the sick, the blinde:

Accordingly.

But though gaynsayd this can not bee,
Deeme men by deedes, and yec shall see:
That these low valleies they can not bide,
But by will clyme, though downe they lye:

Agayne.

The pooze the riche mans place doth craue,
The riche would fayne hyer places haue:

Ambicioufly.

The Squire, the Knight, a Lorde would bee,
The Lorde, the Erle would hyer then bee:

Full dangerously.

When these attayne to their desire,
Then meaner men are set on fire:
To haue the robes which they in were,
So that ye see all times some there:

In hart.

When one is gon, another is come,
The third catching the secondes roome:

Full speedely.

Thus clyming one to others fayle,
The bowes either breake, or footing fayle:

Full totteringly.

For when the top they haue attaynd,
And got is all they would haue gaynd:
Then downe they come wit sodayne fall,
In doubtfull case of life and all.

And thus,

The gorgeous Gallery

Ambition reapeth worthy hyre,
Because he would such spoyle aspyre
Unequally.

And there his bragge is layd full low,
That thought on hie, himself to shew.
Deseruedly.

FINIS.

The paynfull plight of a Louer remayning in doubtfull
hope of his Ladyes fauour.

The bitter swæte, that straynes my yêldeed harte,
The carelesse count, which doth the same imbrace:
The doubtfull hope, to reape my due deart,
The pensive pathe, that guides my restless race:
Are at such war, within my wounded brest,
As doth bereaue, my ioy and eke my rest.

My grædy will, which seekes the golden gayne,
My luckles lot, doth alwayes take in worth:
My matched minde, that dreads my lutes in bayne,
My pittious playnt, doth helpe for to set forth:
So that betwixt, two waues of raging Seas,
I dzyne my dayes, in troubles and disease.

My wofull eyes, doo take their chæse delight,
To feede their fill, vpon their pleasant maze:
My hidden harmes, that grow in mee by sight,
With pynning panges, doo dzyne mee from the gaze:
And to my hap, I reape none other hire,
But burne my selfe, and I to blow the fire.

FINIS.

of gallant Inventions.

The Louer recounteth his faythfull diligence towards
his beloued, with the rewardes that
hee reapeth therof.

My fancy faeces, vpon the sugred gaule,
My witleffe will, vnwillingly wozkes my woe :
My carefull choyse, doth choyse to keepe mee thzaule,
My franticke folly, fawns vpon my foe :
My lust alluers, my lickerling lippes to taste,
The bayte wherin, the subtil hooke is plaste.

My hungry hope, doth heape my heauy hap,
My sundry sutes, procure my moze disdayne :
My steadfast steppes, yet slide into the trap,
My tryed truth, entangleth mee in trayne :
I spy the snare, and will not backward go,
My reason yeldes, and yet sayth euer, no.

In pleasant plat, I tread vpon the snake.
My flaming thirst, I quench with venomd Wine:
In dayntie dish, I doe the poyson take,
My hunger biddes mee, rather eate then pine :
I sow, I set, yet fruit, ne flowre I finde,
I picke my hand, yet leaue the Rosebehinde.

FINIS.

A

A Letter

The gorgeous Gallery

A Letter written by a yonge gentilwoman and sent to her husband vnawares (by a freend of hers) into Italy.

I Magine when these blurred lines, thus scribled out of frame,
Shall come befoze thy careles eyes, fo2 thee to read the same:
To bee thzough no default of pen, o2 els thzough p2owd disoayne,
But only thzough surpassing graefe, which did the Autho2 payne
Whose quivering hand could haue no stay, this carful bil to w2ite
Thzough flushing teares distilling fast, whilst shee did it indite:
Which teares perhaps may haue some force (if thou no tigre bee,
And mollifie thy stony hart, to haue remozse on mee.
Ah periurde wight reclaime thy selfe, and saue thy louing mate,
Whom thou hast left beclogged now, in most unhappy state:
(Ay mee poore wench) what luckles star? what frowning god aboue
What hellish hag? what furions fate hath changd our former loue?
Are wee debard our wonted ioyes? shall wee no moze embrace?
Wilt thou my deare in country strang, ensue Eneas race:
Italians send my louer home, hee is no Germayne bozne,
Vnles ye welcome him because hee leaues mee thus fo2lozne.
As earst ye did Anchises sonne, the founder of your soyle,
Who falsely fled from Carthage Quene, relæuer of his toyle:
Oh send him to Bryttannia Coastes, vnto his trusty fære,
That shee may be w his cunly cozps, whom shee esteemes so deere:
Where wee may once againe renue, our late surpassed dayes,
Which then were spent with kisses sweet, & other wanton playes:
But all in vayne (forgiue thy th2all, if shee do iudge a wzong)
Thou canst not want of dainty Trulles Italian Dames among.
This only now I speake by gesse, but if it happen true,
Suppose that thou hast scene the sword, that mee thy Louer due:
Perchance thzough time so merrily with dallying damfels spent,
Thou standst in doubt & wilt enquire frō whom these lines were
If so, remember first of all, if thou hast any spowse, (sent:
Remember when, to whom and why, thou earst hast plited bolwes,
Remember who esteemes thee best, and who bewayles thy flight,
Spinde her to whom fo2 loyalty thou falsehood dost requight.

Remember.

of gallant Inuentions.

Remember Heauen, forget not Hell, and way thyne owne estate,
Reuoke to minde whom thou hast left, in shamefull blame & hate :
Plea minde her well who did submit, into thine onely powre,
Both hart and life, and therewithall, a rich and wealthy dowre :
And last of all which greenes mee most, that I was so begyde,
Remember most forgetfull man, thy pretty tatling childe :
The least of these surnamed things, I hope may well suffice,
To shew to thee the wretched Dame, that did this bill deuise.
I speake in vayne, thou hast thy will, and now sayth Aesons sonne,
Medea may packe by her pypes, the golden fleese is wonne :
If so, be sure Medea I will, shew forth my selfe in deede,
Yet gods defend though death I taste, I should destroy thy seede :
Agayne, if that I should enquire, wherfore thou dost sojurne,
No answere fitly mayst thou make, I know to serue thy turne :
Thou canst not say but that I haue, obseru'd my loue to thee,
Thou canst not say, but that I haue, of life vncast bin free. (bound
Thou canst not cloak (through want) thy flight, since riches did a-
Thou needes not shame of mee thy spouse, whose byrth not low is
As for my beauty, thou thy self, earwhilo didst it commend (sound,
And to conclude I know no thing, wherin I dyd offend :
Retier with speed, I long to see, thy barke in wished bay,
The Seas are calmer to returne, then earst to fly away.
Beholde the gentill windes doe serue, so that a frendly gayle,
Would soone conuay to happy Porte, thy most desired sayle :
Return would make amends for all, and bannish former wronge,
Oh that I had for to entice, a Scyrens flattering songe.
But out alas, I haue no shift, or cunning to entreat,
It may suffice for absence thine, that I my griefes repeate
Demaund not how I did digest, at first thy sodayne flight,
For ten dayes space I toke no rest, by day nor yet by night:
But like to Baccus beldame Nonne, I sent and range apace,
To see if that I mought thee finde, in some frequented place :
Now here, now there, now by, now down, my fancy so was fed,
Untill at length I knew of troth, that thou from mee wert fled.
Then was I fully bent with blade, to stab my beered harte,
Yet hope that thou wouldst come agayn, my purpose did conuert :

The gorgeous Gallery

And so ere since I liu'd in hope bemirt with dreadfull feare,
My smeared face through endles teares, vnpleasant doth appeare:
My sleepes vnfound with vgly dreams, my meates are bayn of taste
My gorgeous rayment is dispitoe, my tresses rudly plaste,
And to bee briefe: I bouldly speake, there doth remayne no care:
But that therof in amplest wise, I doe possesse a share:
Lyke as the tender sprig doth bend, with euery blast of winde,
Or as the guidelesse ship on Seas, no certaine Port may finde.
So I now subiecte vnto hope, now thral to carefull dread,
Amids the Rocks, twen hope and feare, as fancy moues, am led:
Alas returne, my deare returne, returne and take thy rest,
God graunt my wordes may haue the force, to perytrat thy best.
What dost thou thiike in Italy, some great exployt to win:
No, no, it is not Italy, as sometimes it hath bin:
Or dost thou loue to gad abroad, the forrain costes to beu,
If so, thou hadst not done amisse, to bid mee first adieu:
But what hath bin the cause, I neede not descant longe,
For sure I am, meane while poore wench, I only suffer wrong.
Well thus I leaue, yet more could say: but least thou shouldst refuse,
Through tediousnesse to rade my lines, the rest I will excuse:
Untill such time as mighty Loue doth send such luckye grace,
As wee therof in friendly wise, may reason face to face.
Till then farwell, and bee thee keepe, who only knowes my smart
And with this bill I send to thee, a trusty Louers harte.

By mee, to thee, not mine, but thine,
Since Loue doth moue the same,
Thy mate, though late, doth wright, her right,
Thou well, canst tell, her name.

of gallant Inventions.

A Letter sent from beyond the Seaes to his Louer, perswading
her to continew her loue towards him.

TO thee I write whose life and death, thy faith may saue or spil :
Which faith obserue, I live in ioy, if not, your frænd you kill :
Suspecte not that I do misdoubt, your loyalty at all :
But pender how that louers are, vnto suspicion thzall.
Which thzaldome bzædeth furth thzall, if wanted faith do fayle :
Agaynst the Louer thus forlorne, do thousand Cares pzeuayle :
It litle helpes to haue begun, and there to set a stay,
They win moze fame, that fight it out: then those that run away.
Like as the willing hound that doth, pursue the Deare in Chace :
Will not omit vnto the ende, his paynfull weary race :
So Loue (if leue it be indæd) will stedfast still remayne:
What so betide, good hap or yll, and not reuolt agayne.
Such faith of you, sweet hart I aske, such faith: why sayd I so :
What neede I to demaund the thing, I haue had long ago :
Your faith you gave, the case is playn, you may not seeme to start:
And I in earnest of the match did leaue with you my hart.
But now perhaps you may allége, long distance may procure,
A cause wherby our former loue, no longer may endure :
If so you Iudge to far amisse, although that sayle and winde,
Conuay my corpes to cuntry strange, my hart remaynes behinde.
Examples many could I shew, but needles is that payne,
Mine owne example shall suffice, when I returne agayne :
Meane while although to swim I want, Leanders running art,
In all things els (except thesame) Ile play Leanders part.
In hope that thou wilt shew thy selfe, to mee an Hero true,
And so although loth to dep art, I say sweete hart adue.

A Ringe I sende, wherin is pende, a Posse (if you reede)
Wherby you may, perceauce alway, of what I most haue neede.
By mee your frende, vnto the ende, if you therto agree,
Although not so, your louing foe, I still perforce must bee.

FINIS.

L iij

Another

The gorgious Gallery

An other louing Letter.

BEcause my hart is not mine owne, but resteth now with thee,
I greet thee well of hartinesse, thy selfe mayst Caruer be:
Puse not hereat but like hereof, first read and then excuse,
I wish to you a plyant hart, when you these lines peruse. (boulde,
Hope bids me speak, feare stayes my tongue, but Cupid makes mee
And Fancy harps of good successe, when that my playnt is tould:
Thus Hope doth prick, & feare doth kicke, & fancy feeds my bzayn,
In you alone doth now consist, the salue to ease my payne.
You are my Paradise of ioy, the heauen of my delight,
And therewithall (which thing is strang) the worker of my spight:
Which spight I seeke not to reuenge, but meekely to subdue,
Not as a foe, but as a friend, I do your loue pursue.
I yeeld my selfe vnto your power, and will not you relente:
In humble wise I mercy craue, and is your mercy spent?
No sure, as nature outwardly, hath shewde in you her skill,
I doubt not but that inwardly, the like shee doth fulfill.
So good a face, so trim a grace, as doth in you remayne:
A Cressids cruell stony harte, I know may not retayne:
Wherefore to ratefie my wordes, let deedes apparant be:
Then may you vaunt and proue it true, you freedom gaue to mee,
Consider of my restless care, and way blinde Cupids ire:
Then shal you finde my paynful loue, doth claym but earned hire.
Requite not this my curtesy, and friendship with disdain,
But as I loue vnfainedly, so yeeld like loue againe.
Allow hereof as for the rest, that doth belong to loue:
My selfe therof will take the care, as time, in time shal proue.
Meane while, I wish a Thisbies hart, in you there may endure:
Then doubt not, but a Pyramus, of mee you shal procure.

Yours at your will,
To saue or spill,

FINIS.

Pretie pamphlets, by T. Proctor.

Proctors Precepts.

Whaue bading plumes, no more baunt, gallant youth,
Thy masking weeds forsake, take collours sage :
Shun vicious steps, consider what ensueth,
Time lewdly spent, when on coms crooked age.
When beauty bzaue shall bade, as doth the flower,
When manly might, shall yeeld to auncient time :
When yonge delightes shall dye, and ages bower,
Shall lodge thy coꝝps, bemoning idle pꝛime.
Learne of the Ant, foꝛ stoꝛmy blastes to get
Pꝛouision, least vntimely want do cum,
And moues thee mone such time, so lewd neglect
From vertues loze, where woꝛthy honoꝛs won.
Thinke how vncertayne here, thou liust a guest,
Amid such vice, thats irksome to beholde :
Thinke whence thou camst, and where thy coꝝps shall rest,
When bꝛeathing bꝛeath, shall leaue thy carkeasse colde.
When dꝛeadfull death, shall daunt thy hauty minde,
When fearfull flesh, shall shꝛowd in clauing clay :
When pamperd plumes shall bade, and dꝛeads shall finde,
Deseruings due, foꝛ erring lewd astray.
Run not to rash, least triall make the mone,
In auncient yeres thy greene vnbꝛidled time :
Olde Age is lothd, with folly ouer grown,
Ponge yeres dispisde, cut of in spꝛowting pꝛime.
Experiēce learne, let elder lyues thee lead,
In lyuely yeres, thy fickle steps to guide :
Least vnawares, such vncoth paths thou tread,
Which filthy be thought, pleasant to be eyde.
In calmest Seas, the deepest Whorpeoles bee,
In greenest Grasse, the lurking Adder lyes :
With eger sting, the sugereſt sap wee see,
Smooth woꝛdes deceiue, learne therfoꝛe to bee wise.
FINIS.

The gorgious Gallery

Inuidus alterius rebus macrescit opimis.

THe greedy man, whose hart with hate doth swell,
Because hee sees his neyghbozs good estate :
Lives vncontent, with what might serue him well,
And estsones seemes to blame sufficient fate :

This grudging glutton glut, with goulden gayne,
To serue his vse, although hee hath enough :
Repines at that, which others get with payne,
So that himselfe therby, hee doth abuse :
Hee thinks that much, which passeth by his claw,
And findes a fault for it thzough luckles hap :
Although the matter valueth scarce a straw,
Hee deemies it small of gaine, that giues no sap.
Hee thinks his store, shall serue his sencelesse corse,
And that no death at all, hee deemies there bee :
Els would hee to his conscience haue remorse,
And seeke to liue content with his degree :
For what auayles, to horde vp heapes of dross,
And seeke to please vnsatiate fond desire :
Considering that, tis subiect vnto losse,
And wee (therby yll got) deserues Hell fire :
From which O Lord conduct vs with thy hand,
And giue vs grace to liue vnto thy prayse :
Preserue our Queene his subiects and her land,
And graunt in peace, wee raigne here Nestors dayes.

FINIS.

of gallant Inventions.

The reward of Whoredome by the fall of Helen.



From Limbo Lake, where dismall fæendes do lye,
Where Pluto raignes, perpend Helenas cry:
Where fry flames, where pittious howlings bee,
Where bodyes burne: from thence giue eare to mee.
I am Helena shee, for whose vilde filthy fact,
The stately Towers of Troy, the haughty Grecians sate:
High Troy, whose pompe, thzoughout the world did sound,
In Cinders low, thzough mee was layd on ground.
Kinge Priamus thzough mee, did end his life:
And Troians all almost, I was the cause of strife.
I am that Dame, whose beauty passing bzaue,
Dame Venus praysoe, the golden Pome to haue:
Whose feature forste, Sir Paris boyling brest,
To leaue his land, and seke to be my guest.
That trull which tost, the surging Seas a maine,
From Grecian shoare, to Troy vnto my paine.
That flurt, whose gallant sproutinge prime,
Thzough vilde abuse, was scorcht ere auncient time:
I vertue shund, I lothd a modest mynde,
I wayd not fame, my beauty made mee blinde.
Each bzaue delight, my masking minde allurde,
My fancy deemed, my beauties gloze assurde:
Such worthy fame, did sound of Helens hue,
Although my dædes, reapt shame, and guerdon due.
In gorgeous plumes, I maskt, puffed vp with pride,
In bzaue delights I liud, my fancy was my guide:
But fie of filth, your world is all but bayne,
Your pomp consumes, your deeds shall guerdon gaine:
See here by mee, whose beauty might haue boast,
For splendaut hue, thzoughout each forrain coast.
But what preuayles, to vaunt of beauties gloze,
Or bag of pride, wheron dishonoz growes:
If I had vsde my gifts in vertues loze,
And modest liud, my prayse had bin the moze.

The gorgeous Gallery

Where now too late, I lothe my life lewd spent,
And wish I had, with vertue bin content.

FINIS. T. P.

A Louers lyfe.

The tedious toyle, the cares which Louers taste, (feare :
The troubled thoughts, which moues their mindes to
The pinching pangs, the dole which seemes to waste,
Their lothsome life, deepe plunged in gulfes of care :

Would moue ech shyn, such snares of vayne delight,

Which irksome be, though pleasant to the sight.

The minde full fraught, with care enioyes no ease,

A boyling bzeft, desires vniawfull lust :

The hart would haue, what best the minde doth please,

And fancy craues, the thing which is vniust.

Beside eche frown, which estsones moues them deeme,

They abiect are, if sad their Louers seeme.

Oz if occasion shyn, their vsuall sight,

Not sene, they thinke themselves vnminded bee:

And then in dumps, as mazed they leaue delight,

And yeld to graefe, till eue, eche others see :

So that with feare, their mindes are alwayes fraught:

That liue in loue, experience some hath taught.

Eche lowzing frown, from mirth doth moue the minde,

One iesting worde, procures a thousand woes :

So that lyke graefe oz moze, through sight they finde,

Then absence sure, such cares fro fancy flowes :

Such gozing gripes, such heapes of hideous harmes,

Such sorowling sobs, from daunted louers swarnies.

Rosamond a spowesed Dame, her husbands death procurede,

For speaking but a worde in iest :

Itrascus too, full thyrtie yeares indurde,

The panges of loue, within his boyling bzeft :

(care,

So that in graefe they harboz, still their mindes are cloyd with

They diue in dole, they plunge in payne, & liue in cruell feare.

And

of gallant Inuentions:

And diuers moe, as Axeres whose beauty passing faire,
So Iphis hart, and boyling bze it allurde :
That for her sake, hae liude in extreame care,
And cruell græfe, while bzeathing bzeath indurde :
But at the length, disdayne vpon a tree,
He honge himselfe, where she his corps might see.

FINIS.

¶ A Louer approuing his Lady vnkinde.
Is forsed vnwilling to vtter his minde.

Willow willow willow, singe all of græne willow,
Sing all of græne willow, shall bee my Garland.

My loue, what misliking in mee do you finde,
Sing all of græne willow :
That on such a soddayn, you alter your minde,
Sing willow willow willow :
What cause doth compell you, so fickle to bee?
Willow willow willow willow :
In hart which you plighted, most loyall to mee,
Willow willow willow willow.

I saythfully fired, my sayth to remayne,
Sing all of græne willow :
In hope I as constant, should finde you agayne,
Sing willow willow willow :
But periurde as Iason, you saythlesse I finde,
Which makes mee vnwilling, to vtter my minde :
Willow willow willow, singe all of græne willow,
Sing all of greene willow shall bee my Garland.

Your beauty braue decked, with shewes gallant gay,
Sing all of greene willow :
Allured my fancy, I could not say nay,
Sing willow willow willow.

The gorgeous Gallery

Your phrases fine philed, did force mee agré.

Willow willow willow willow :

In hope as you promis'd, you leuall would bee,

Willow willow willow willow.

But now you be frisking, you list not abide,

Sing all of greene willow :

Your vow most vncoustant, and faythlesse is tride,

Sing willow, willow willow :

Your wordes are vncertayne, not trusty you stand,

Which makes mee to weare, the willow Garland :

Willow willow willow, sing all of greene willow,

Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

Hath Light of loue luld you, so softe in her lap:

Sing all of greene willow :

Hath fancy prouokte you: did loue you intrap:

Sing willow willow willow :

That now you be flurting, and will not abide.

Willow willow willow willow :

To mee which most trusty, in time should haue tride,

Willow willow willow willow.

Is modest demeanure, thus turnd to vntrust:

Sing all of greene willow :

Are fayth and troth fixed, approued vniust:

Sing willow, willow will :

Are you thee which constant, for euer would stand:

And yet will you giue mee, the willow Garland:

Willow willow willow, singe all of greene willow,

Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

What motion hath moude you, to maske in delight,

Sing all of greene willow,

What toy haue you taken, why seeme you to spight

Sing willow willow willow,

of gallant Inuentions.

Your loue which was ready for aye to indure,

Willow willow willow willow :

According to promise most constant and sure,

Willow willow willow willow.

What gallant you conquerd, what youth inuade your minds,

Sing all of greene willow :

To leaue your olde Louer, and bee so vnkinde,

Singe willow willow willow :

To him which you plighted both fayth, troth and hand,

For euer: yet giues mee the willow Garland :

Willow willow willow, singe all of greene willow,

Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

Hath wealth you allured, the which I doe want,

Sing all of greene willow :

Hath pleasant deuises, compeld you recant,

Sing willow willow willow :

Hath feature forste you, your words to denye:

Willow willow willow willow :

Is it your fashion to cog, and to lye,

Willow willow willow willow :

What are your sweet smiles, quite turnd into lowres,

Sing all of greene willow :

Is it your order, to change them by howres,

Sing willow willow willow :

What haue you sufficient, thinke you in your hand,

To pay for the making, of my willow Garland :

Willow willow willow, singe all of greene willow,

Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

Farewell then most fickle, but true and vniust,

Sing all of greene willow :

Thy deedes are yll dealings, in thee is no trust,

Willow willow willow willow.

The gorgeous Gallery

Thy bowes are vncertayne, thy wordes are but winde
Willow willow willow willow.

God graunt thy new louer, more trusty thee finde,
Willow willow willow willow :

Be warned then gallants, by pꝛoofe I vnfolde,
Sing willow willow willow,
Payds loue is vncertayne, sone hot, and sone colde,
Sing willow willow willow :

They turne as the reed, not trusty they stand,
Which makes mee to weare the willow Garland:
Willow willow willow, singe all of greene willow,
Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

FINIS.

A gloze of fawning freendship.

NOW cease to sing your Syren songes, I leaue ech bꝛaue delight
Attempt no moꝛe the wounded cozps, which late felt fortunes
But rather helpe to rue, with soꝛowing sobs come mone, (spight:
My lucklesse losse from wealth to woe, by fickle fortune thꝛowne.
I once had freends good stoꝛe, foꝛ loue, (no drosse I tryde)
Foꝛ hauing lost my goods on Seas, my freends would not abide,
Yet hauing neede I went to one, of all I trusted moſte:
To get releefe, hee answerd thus, go packe thou penish poste.
His wordes did pearce my tender bꝛest, and I as maꝛde did stand
Requesting him with pitteous plaints, to giue his helping hand:
Content thy selfe (quoth hee) to serue my owne estate,
I haue not I, yet am I greeu'd to see thy lucklesse fate.
Ah fie of fawning freends, whose eyes at tentiue bee,
To watch and warde foꝛ lukers sake, with cap and bended knee:
Would God I had not knowne, their sweet and sugered speech,
Then had my greefe the lesser bin, experience mee doth teach.

FINIS.

of gallant Inuentions.

A Maze of Maydens.



Who goes to gaze of euery gallant girle,
And castes his eyes at euery glauncing gloze :
Whose masking minde, with euery motion mou'd,
In fine shall finde, his fancy fraught with woes.

For pleasure spent, is but a wishing bayne,
By crooked chaunce, depriue of bzaue delight :
Cut of by care, a heape of hurtfull harmes,
Dur gaze vngaynd, which whilome pleasde our sight.

Dur baunts doe bade, our pleasures passe away,
Dur sugereft swétes, reapes sorowling sobs in fine :
Dur bzaggest boast, of beauties bzaueft blaze,
To sorowled bzuwes, doth at the length resigne.

Dur foolish fancy filde, with filthy vice,
Pursues his hurt, vnto anothers harmes :
A houerling hart, with euery gloze enticed,
gaynes lothsome loue, whence nought but sorow swarmes.

Leaue then to gaze, of enery glauncing gloze,
Contemne the sleights, of beauties sugereft bate :
Whose outward sheath, with colours bzaue imboft,
Hungs cruell craft, and enuious hurtfull hate.

FINIS.

The gorgeous Gallery

A short Epistle written in the behalfe of N. B. to M. H.



Care Lady deckt with cunlynesse,
To counteruayle my clemency :
Be prest, I pray, in readynesse,
To yeeld your courteous cartesse.



Let mee you finde Penelope,
In minde, and loyall hart :
So shall I, your Whilles be,
Till breathing lyfe depart.

Yelde loue for loue, to him who lyketh,
To line in lynckes of loyalty :
And graunt him grace, who nothing seeketh,
For his good will, but curtesye.

Let mee your bondman, fauour finde,
To gratefie my willing harte :
Whom no attempt, to please your minde,
Shall hynder mee, to play my parte.

Permit mee not, in lingring sorte,
To labour in a barrayn soyle :
He giue occasion to reporte,
How loytryng loue, reapes troubled toyle.

But let mee say, my hart obfaynd,
The gloze, which pleasd my glauncing eyes :
And that I haue for guerdon gaynd,
The best that in my Lady lyes.

So shall I boast of that, which best
Doth please the prime of my desire :
And glory in a gayned rest,
Which through your fauour I aspire.
FINIS.

of gallant Inuentions.

A vew of vayn glory.

What motion moze, may moue a man to minde
His owne estate, then pzoofe, whose dayes vnſure,
Accounted are vnto a puffe of winde,
A breathing blaſt, whose foze can not endure :
Whose lyuely ſhowes consumes, whose pompe decays,
Whose glozy dyes, whose pleasures ſone be ſpent :
Whose ſtouteſt ſtrength, to weakenes ſubiect ſtates,
Whose thoughts bee vaine, and vade as though vnment.
What haue wee then to vaunt, oz glozy in?
Sith all is vayne, wherin wee take delight :
Why ſhould wee boalt oz brag, ſith nought wee win
In ſine, but death: to whom yeeldes euery wight.
To equall ſtate, bee bzingeth each degree,
Hee feareth none, all ſubiects yeeldes to death :
To dankiſh duſt, hee dzineth all wee ſee,
Which in the world, enioyeth any breath :
Why vaunt wee then, in that wee lee is vayne,
Oz take delight, in that wee pzoue but dzoffe?
Why glozy wee, oz ſeeke for golden gayne?
Sith at the length, wee reape therof but loſſe.
Wee lothe to leaue, our hutches filde with golde :
Our annual rents, it grieues vs to forgo,
Our buildings bzaue, which glads vs to beholde :
Our pleaſant ſport, it grieues vs to forgo.
Wee nothing brought, ne ought ſhall carry hence,
Lyfe loſt, behinde goods, mony, land, wee leaue :
And naked ſhall returne, aſſured whence
Before wee came, when death doth life bereaue :
Lerne then, to leaue thy life in euery howe,
Lerne how to lead thy minde, from vayne deſire,
Of filthy dzoffe, whose ſugereſt ſweet is ſower,
When dreadfull death, ſhall yeeld our earthly hire.
What is our world but vayne, fraught full of vice,
Wherin wee lue, allured by diſceat :

The gorgious Gallery

Which vs in youth, to erroꝝ doth entice,
And sturs vs vp, in flamed by follyes heat.
Our mindes are moued, with euery fond desire,
Wee gloze in that, the which wee see vnſure :
Wee vsuall ſeeke great honoꝝ to aſpire,
Theſe greateſt pompe, doth but a while endure :
Foꝝ pꝛoſe the flower, bedecked with gorgious hew,
As ſone with heate, of ſcoꝝching ſun doth fade :
As doth the wæde, the which vnſeemly grew,
And ſhowes it ſelfe, vncouerd with the ſhade.
The ſtately ſhip, which floates on ſeaming fluts,
With waue is toſt, as ſone to ſurging Seas :
Doth yeld his pompe, though fraught with ſtoꝝ of goods,
As veſſell weake, whoſe force the ſtreame aſſayes :
Our ſelues may ſhow, the ſtate of eche degree,
As Sampſon ſcut, whoſe force Philiftians felt :
Foꝝ wealth, let Diues, glut with golde our Mirroꝝ bee,
Marke Nemrods fall, whoſe hart with pꝛide was ſwelt.
And diuers mo, whoſe pꝛeter pathes may learne,
Our future ſteps, our bayn vnſteady ſtay :
Theſe elder lyues, already paſt may warne,
As ſhun ſuch ſnares, which leades vs to decay.

FINIS.

T.P.



of gallant Inventions .

The fall of folly,exampled by needy Age.

Behold mee here whose youth, to withered yeres,
Doth bow and bend, compeld by crooked age :
See here my lyms, whose strength benumbde weres,
Whose pleasure spent, gray heares, bids to bee sages.

But loe to late I lothe my life lewd spent,
And wish in bayne, I had foresene in youth :
These drowse dayes, which moues mee to lament
My idle youth prou'd, what therof ensueth.

Unstode olde yeres, must serue for lusty prime,
These febled ioynts, must seeke to serue their want :
With tedious toyle, because I vsde not time,
Loe thus I liue, suffisde perforce to scant.

In flaunting yeres, I flaunting floristh forth,
Amid delight, puffed vp, with puffing pryde :
Meane garments then, I deemed nothing worth,
Say, scarce the best, might serue, my flesh to hide.

I thought them foes, which tolde mee of my fault,
And iudgd them speake, of rigor, not good will:
Who coulde of gayne, mee thought for hire did hault,
Then loe, I lothde what now I wish by skill.

Experience moues mee mone, the more my græfe,
In lyuely yeres, because I did not shun
Such idle steps, least boyd of such relæse,
As might haue helpt my age, now youth is dun.

But what prepayles to wish I would I had,
With time delayd, may not be calde agayne :
A guerdon iust, (for such as youth too bad
Consumes, (it is) in time therfore take payne.

The gorgious Gallery

Seeke how in youth to serue contented age,
Learne, how to lead, your life in vertues loze :
Beholde you mee, attacht with death his page,
Constraynd through want, my lewdnes to deploze.

What greefe moze great, vnto a haughty hart,
Then is distresse, by folly forste to fall :
What care moze cruell or lothsom, (to depart
From wealth to want) it grieues vs to the gall.

But what auayles to boast, or vaunt of bayne?
What profit ist, to prayse a passed pryde :
Sith it consum'd, is but a pinching payne,
A heape of harmes, whose hurt I wretch haue tryde.

A direfull deed, a surge of sorrowing sobs,
A carking care, a mount of mestyue mone :
A sacke of sin, coucht full of rankered knobs,
A wauering weed, whose force is sone osethzone.

For proofe behold, the boast of breathing breath,
See see how sone, his valiaunt vaunt doth bade :
Our pleasant prime, is subiect vnto death,
By vices bygde, in waues of wo to wade.

I know the state, and trust of euery tyme,
I see the shame, wherto eche vice doth cum :
Therefore (by mee) learne how to leaue such crime,
Fœlix quem faciunt, aliena pericula cautum.

Let mee your Mirroz, learne you leaue whats lewd,
My fall forpassed, let teach you to beware :
My auncient yeres with tryall tript, haue belwd,
The vaunt of vice, to be but carking care.

FINIS. T.P.

of gallant Inuentions.

¶ A proper Sonet, how time consumeth all
earthly thinges.

Ay mee, ay mee, I sighe to see, the Sythe a fiede,
Downe goeth the Grasse, sone wzought to withered Hay :
Ay mee alas, ay mee alas, that beauty needes most yeeld,
And Princes passe, as Grasse doth fade away.

Ay mee, ay mee, that life cannot haue lasting leaue,
For Golde, take holde, of euerlasting ioy :
Ay mee alas, ay mee alas, that time hath talents to receyue,
And yet no time, can make a suer stay.

Ay mee, ay mee, that wit can not haue wished choyce,
For with can win, that will desires to see :
Ay mee alas, ay mee alas, that mirth can promise no reioyce,
For study tell, what after ward shal bee.

Ay mee, ay mee, that no sure staffe, is giuen to age,
For age can giue, sure wit, that youth will take :
Ay mee alas, ay mee alas, that no counsell wise and sage,
Will shun the show, that all both marre and make.

Ay mee, ay mee, come time, sheare on, and shake thy Hay,
It is no boote, to baulke thy bitter blowes :
Ay mee alas, ay mee alas, come time, take euery thing away,
For all is thine, bee it good or bad that growes.

FINIS.

¶ iii

A

The gorgeous Gallery

A Mirror of Mortallity.



Shall clammy clay, shrowd such a gallant gloze,
Dust beauty braue, be shinde in dankish earth :
Shall crawling wozmes, deuoure such liuely shewes,
(of yong delights.

When valyant corps, shall yeeld the latter bzeath,
Shall pleasure bade, must puffing pride decay :
Shall flesh consume, must thought resign to clay.
Shall haughty hart, haue hire to his desart,
Must dæpe desire die, drenchd in direfull dread :
Shall dæds lewd dun, in fine reape bitter smart,
Must each bade, when life shall leaue vs dead :
Shall Lands remayne: must wealth be left behinde:
Is sence depriu'd: when flesh in earth is shinde.
Sæke then to shun, the snares of bayne delight,
Which moues the minde, in youth from vertues loze :
Leaue of the vaunt of pride, and manly might,
Sith all must yeeld, when death the flesh shall goze :
And way these wordes, as sone soz to be solde,
To Market cums, the yonge shæpe as the olde.
No trust in time, our dayes vncertayne bee,
Like as the flower, bedect with splendant hue :
Whose gallant shew, sone dyde with heat wee see,
Of scorching beames, though late it brauely grew :
Wee all must yeeld, the best shall not denye,
Vnsure is death, yet certayn wee shall dye.
Although a while, we vaunt in youthful yeares,
In yonge delightes, wee se me to liue at rest :
Wee subiect bee, to grieve eche hozro: feares,
The valiaunt harts, when death doth daunt the best :
Then vse thy talent here vnto thee lent,
That thou mayst well account how it is spent.

FINIS. T.P.

of gallant Inuentions.

A briefe dialogue between sicknesse
and worldly desire.

¶ Sicknesse.

In darke some caue, where crawling wormes remayn,
Thou worldly wretch, resigne thy boasting breath :
Yield vp thy pompe, thy corps must passe agayn,
From whence it came, compeld by dreadfull death.

¶ Worldly desire.

Oh sicknesse soze, thy paines doo pearce my hart,
Thou messenger of death, whose goyng gripes mee greue :
Permit a while, mee loth yet to depart
From friends and goods, which I behinde must leaue.

¶ Sicknesse.

Oh silly soule, entis'de with worldly bayne,
As well as thou, thy friends must yield to death :
Though after thee, a while they doe remayne,
They shall not still, continue on the earth.

¶ Worldly desire.

What must I then neede, shzine in gasty graue?
And leaue what long, I got with tedious toyle :
Prolong mee yet, and let mee licence haue,
Till elder yéeres, to put your Wzutes to foyle.

¶ Sicknesse.

Oh foolish man, allurde by lewd delight,
Thy labors lost, these goods they are not thine :
But as (thou hadst) so others haue like right,
(Of them) when thou, shalt vp thy breath resigne.

¶ Worldly desire.

Then farewell world, the Purse of wicked vice,
Aduē vile dzosse which moues mens mindes to ill :
Farewell delights, which did my youth entice,
To serue as slave, into vnsatiate will.

FINIS. T.P.

The gorgeous Gallery

Aeger Diues habet Nummos, sed
non habet ipsum.



He wealthy chuffe, for all his wealth,
Cannot redzeme therby his health :
But must to Graue, for all his store,
Death spareth neither riche nor poore :
Not Cressus wealth, nor Mydas Golde,
The stroke of careles death may holde :
Hee feares no foe, hee spares no freend,
Of euery thing hee is the ende :
Though Diues had great store of pealse,
Yet still the wretch, did want him selfe.

No Phisickes art, or cunning cure,
May any man of life assure:
No highe estate or beauty bzaue,
May keepe vs from our carefull graue :
No hauty minde or valyant harte,
Agaynst pale Death, may take our parte :
No curious speach, or witty tale,
Our dyinge corps may counteruayle :
No force, no gyle, no powre or strength,
But death doth onercome at length.

The riche man trusteth in his Gould,
And thinkes that life, is bought and sould :
The sight therof so bleares, his eye,
That hee remembzeth not to dye :
Hee hath enough and liues in ioye,
Who dares (thinkes hee) worke mee annoy :
Thus is hee made, to pleasure thrall,
And thinkes that death will neuer call :
Who vnawares with stealing pace,
Doth ende in payne his pleasant race.

of gallant Inuentions.

The greedy Marchant will not spare,
For lakers sake, to lye and sware :
The simple sozte hee can by sight,
Make to beleue the Crow is white :
No science now, or arte is free,
But that some gyle therin wee see :
Thus euery man for greedy gayne,
Unto himselfe encreaseth payne :
And thinkes the crime to bee but small,
When that they lose both soule and all.

Who lyueth here, that is content,
With such estate as God hath sent :
The hungry Churle, and wealthy Churle,
Doth neuer thinke, hee hath enough :
Fortune to many, giues to much,
But few or none, hee maketh riche :
Thus euery man, doth scrape and catch,
And neuer moze, for death do watch :
Who still is present at their side,
And cuts them of, amidst their pride.

Such is the world, such is the time,
That eche man strives alofte to clyme :
But when they are in top of all,
In toiments great they be long fall :
Where they do giue accompt at large,
How they their fallent did discharge :
There no man takes their golden fee,
To plead their case, and set them free :
Then too too late they do begin,
For to repent their former shine :

Wherefore I wish that eche degree,
With lotted chaunce content ed bee :

The gorgious Gallery

Let not thy treasure make thee proude,
Nor pouerty bee disalowde :
Remember who doth giue and take,
One God both ricke and poore doth make :
Wee nothing had or ought shall haue,
To beare with vs vnto our graue :
But vertuous life which here wee leade,
On our behalfe for grace to plead..

Therefore I say thy lust refrayne,
And seeke not after bricke gayne :
But seeke that wealth, the which will last,
When that this mortall life is past :
In heauen is ioy and pleasure still,
This world is bayne and full of yll:
Use not so lewd thy worldly pelfe,
So that thou dost forget thy selfe :
Liue in this world as dead in sinne,
And dye in Christ, true life to win..

FINIS.

Win fame, and keepe it.



Who sees the yll, and seeks to shun the same,
Shall doubtlesse win at length immortall fame:
For wisdom, vice and vertue doth perceauē,
Whē vertue takes, but vice shee seeks to leaue.
A wise man knowes the state of each degree,
The good he praysde, the euill dishonored be :
Hee sees the good, the euill hee doth espye,
Hee takes the good, the euill hee doth denye :
Hee folowes good, the euill hee doth eschue,
Hee leapes the lake, when others stay to beu.
His honoꝝ stands, his fame doth euer last,
Vpon the earth when breathing breath is past :

of gallant Inventions. T

As Solomon whose wisdom reacht vnto the lofty skyes,
And Dauid King, they prayes liue (though bodies tombed lye)
They saw the good, the euill they did eschue,
Their honoꝝ liues, the pꝛoofe affirms it true:
Then sithe exampls playnly, shewes the same,
Their prayes liue, who seekes to merit same.

finis T.P.

Respice finem.

Here the state of euery mortall wight,
See here, the fine, of all their gallant ioyes:
Beholde their pompe, their beauty and delight,
Wherof they vaunt, as safe from all annoyes:
To earth the stout, the pꝛowd, the rich shall yeeld,
The weake, the meeke, the poore, shall shrowded lye
In dampish mould, the stout with speare and shield
Cannot defend, himselve when hee shal dye.
The pꝛowdest wight, for all his lyuely shewes,
Shall leaue his pompe, cut of by dreadfull death:
The rich, whoseutch, with golden kuddocks flowes,
At length shall rest, vncoynd in dampish earth:
By Natures law, wee all are bozne to dye,
But where or when, the best vncertayne bee:
No time pꝛesert, no goods our life shall buye,
Of dreadfull death, no frends shall set vs free.
Wee subiect bee, a thousand wayes to death,
Small sicknesse moues the valiaunts hart to feare:
A litle push bereaues your breathing breath,
Of braue delights, wherto you subiect are:
Your world is vayne, no trust in earth you finde,
Your valyaunt pꝛime, is but a bytle glasse:
Your pleasures vade, your thoughts a puffe of winde,
Your auncient yeres, are but a withered grasse.

Mors omnibus communis. finis T.P.

The gorgious Gallery

A brieft Caueat, to shun fawning friends.

Fly, ere thou trust, vnto a fawning friend,
Giue no regard, vnto his sugered wordes,
Take your account to leese, what you him lend,
For collourd craft, the smoothest speech affozdes.

My selfe haue tried, the trust of fawning tungs.
Who paynt their pates, as though they would perfozme :
(The more my græfe) for they (which) whilome clungs,
Like Bees (goods lost) sole left me in the stoyme.

Where I was fayne, in worldly woes to waite,
And seeke releefe, of former frænds, no tie:
Perfozce constraynd, to seeke my selfe to saue,
Or els vnhelp'd, sance succoz still to lye.

I made my mone, the greater was my græfe,
To him which was, as seruant to my state :
But what preuayld, by pzoofe I found him chæfe,
Who not of me, but on my wealth did wate.

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
Temporali fuerint nubila, solus eris.

FINIS. T.P.



of gallant Inuentions.

Beauty is a pleasant pathe to distruction.



Throug beauties sugered baites,
Dur mindes seduced are :
To filthy lustes to wicked vice,
Whence issueth nought but care.

For hauing tride the troth
And seen the end of it :
What wayle we moze with greater greefe,
Then want of better wit,

Because so lewd wee luld,
In that wee see is bayne :
And follow that, the which to late,
Compels vs to complayne.

The boast of Beauties brags,
And gloze of louing looks :
Seduce mens mindes as fishes are,
Antic'd with bapted hookes.

Who simply thinking too,
Obtayne the pleasant pray :
Doth snatch at it, and witlesse so,
Deuoures her owne decay.

Euen like the mindes of men,
Allurde with beauties bap :
To heapes of harmes, to carking care,
Are brought, by such decaite.

Lothus by p2oofe it p2ou'd,
Perforce I needes must say :
That beauty vnto ruinous end,
Is as a pleasant way.

FINIS. T.R.

The gorgious Gallery

T. P. his Farewell vnto his faythfull
and approoued freend. F. S.



Farewell my friend, whom fortune forste to fly,
I greeue to here, the lucklesse hap thou hast :
But what preuayles, if so it helpe might I,
I would be prest , therof be bold thou masse.

Yet sith time past, may not be calde agayne,
Content thy selfe, let reason thee perswade :
And hope for ease, to counteruayle thy payne,
Thou art not first, that hath a trespasse made.

Mourne not to much, but rather ioy, because
God hath cut of thy will, ere greater crime:
Wherby thou might, the more incur the lawes,
And beare worse Wzutes, seduc'd by wicked prime.

Take heede, my wordes let teach thee to be wise,
And learne thee shun, that leades thy minde to ill :
Least beeing warnd, when as experience tries,
Thou waylst to late, the woes, of wicked will.

FINIS. T. P.



The History of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie* truely translated.

In Babilon a stately seate, of high and mighty Kinges, (ringes :
Whose famous voice of ancient rule, throught all the world yet
Two great estates did whilom dwell: and places ioyned so,
As but one wall eche princely place, deuided other fro : (sought,
These Nobles two, two children had, for whom Dame Nature
The deepest of her secret skill, or shee their byrth had wrought :
For as their yeares in one agreed, and beauty equall shone,
In bounty and lyke vertues all, so were they there all one.
And as it pleased Nature then, the one a sonne to frame,
So did the glad olde Father like him *Pyramus* to name :
The other a maide, the mother would that shee then *Thisbie* hight,
With no smal blisse of parents al, who came to ioy the sight :
I ouerslip what sodaine frights, how often feare there was,
And what the care each creature had, ere they did ouerpass :
What paynes ensue, & what the stormes in pearced harts yd wel,
And therfore know, what babe & mother whose chaste, & subtil braid
No earthly hart, ne when they lust, no God hath yet withstand,
Ere seuen yeres these infants harts, they haue with loue oppress :
Though little know their tender age, what causeth their unrest,
Yet they poore foles vntaught to loue, or how to lesse their payne :
With well contented mindes receiue, and prime of loue sustayne.
No pastime can they elswhere finde, but twayn themselves alone
For other playseares sport, God wot, with them is reckend none:
Joy were to here their pretty wordes, and sweet mantam to see,
And how all day they passe the time, till darknes dimmes the skye :
But then the heauy cheare they make, when forth is their farwell
Declares such greefe as none would thinke, in so yong breasts could
He loke how long, y any let, doth kepe them two a sunder, (dwell:
Their mourning harts no ioy may glad, y heuens y passeth vnder
And when agayn, they este repayre, and ioyfull meeting make,
Yet know they not the cause therof, ne why their sorowes stake.

¶ iij.

With

The gorgious Gallery

With light they feede their fancies then, and more it still desire,
Pe more they haue, nor want they fide of light they so require:
And thus in tender impe sponge by, this lone by starteth still,
For more their yeres, much more y flame, y doth their fancies fill.
And where before their infants age, gaue no suspect at all.
Now needefull is, with weary eye, to watchfull minde they call:
Their whole estate, & it to guide, in such wise orderly,
As of their secret swete desires, ill tongues no light espy.
And so they do, but hard God wot, are flames of fire to hide
Much more to cause a louers hart, within it bounds to finde:
For neither colde, their mindes consent so quench of loue the rage
Nor they at yeres, the least twise seuen, their passions so as wage
But y to Thisbes Mothers eares, some spark therof were blowen,
Let Mothers iudg her patience now, til she y whole haue knowen.
And so by wily wayes she wrought, to her no litle care, (snare:
That forth she found, their whole devise, and how they were in
Great is her græse, though smal the cause, if other cause ne were,
For why a mæter match then they, might hap no other where:
But now twain Fathers, though the cause, mine Androz nothing
Such inward rancoz risen is, and so it daily swels. (els,
As hope of frendship to be had, is none (alas) the while,
Pe any loueday to be made, their mallice to begyle: (chere,
Wherefoze straight charge, straight giuen is w fathers frowning
That message worde, ne token els, what euer that it were:
Should fro their foe to Thisbee passe, & Pyramus frends likewise,
No lesse expresse com mandement, do for their sonne deuise.
And yet not thus content alas, eche ffather doth ordayne.
A secret watch and bounde a point, wherin they shall remayne:
Sight is forbid, restrained are wordes, for scalde is all deuise,
That should their poze afflicted mindes, reioyce in any wise:
Though pyning loue, gaue cause before of many carefull yll,
Yet dayly lithe amended all, at least well pleased them still:
But now what depth of deepe distresse, may they indownd bee,
That now in dayes twise twenty tolde, eche other once shall see.
Curst is their face, so cry they ofte, and happy death they call,
Come death come wished death at once, and rid vs life and all.

And

of gallant Inuentions :

And where befoze (Dame Kinde) her selfe, did wonder to beholde:
Her highe bequests; within their shape, Dame Beauty did unfold:
How doth thee maruel much and say, how faded is that red:
And how is spent that white so pure, it wont to ouersped.
For now late lusty Piramus, moze fresh then flower in May,
As one forlorne with constant minde, doth seeke his ending day:
Since Thisbe mine is lost sayth hee, I haue no moze to lose,
Wherfoze make speed, thou happy hand, these eyes of mine shall
Abasid is his princely port, cast of his regall weeds, (close.
Forsoaken are assemblies all, and lothed the coming speed:
No ioy may pearce his pensue mynde, vnlesse a wofull brest
May ioyed bee, with swarmes of care, in haples hart that rest:
And thus poore Piramus distressed, of humaine succor all,
Deuoyd to Venus Temple goes, and prostrate downe doth fal:
And there of her, with hart I koeue, and sore tormented mindes,
Thus askes hee ayd, and of his woes, the Fardell thus vnbindes.

O Great Goddesse, of whose immortal fire,
Vertue in Erbe, might neuer quench the flame :
No mortall sence, yet to such skill aspire,
As for loues hurt a medecine once to name :
With what deare price, my carefull pynded ghost,
Hath tried this true, and ouer true alas :
My greefeeful eyes, that sight hath almost lost,
And brest through darterd, with thy golden Face.
Full well declare, though all that mee beholde,
Are iudges, and wonders of my deadly wo :
But thou alone, mayst helpe therfoze unfold,
Els helples (Lady) streight wilt kn ap in two
The feeble threed, yet staves my lingering life.
Wherfoze, if loue, thy sacred Goddes brest :
Did euer presse, or if most dreadly grieffe,
And causeles not thy inward soule opprest:
When crooked Vulcane, to your common shame,
Betrayed of stolen ioyes, thy sweet delight :

The gorgeous Gallery

If then I say the feare of further blame,
Caus'd you refrayne your Louers wished sight :
And sozt restraynt did equall then impart,
And cause you taste, what payne in loue may bee :
When absence driues, assured hartes to part.
Thy pittie then (O Quæne) now not denye
To mee poore wretch, who feels no lesse a payne :
If humayne bests, so much as heauenly may :
Haue ruthe on him, who doth to thee complayne,
And onely helpe of thee, doth lowly pray :
Graunt Goddess mine, thou mayst it undertake,
At least wise (Lady) ere this life decay :
Graunt I beseeche so happy mee to make,
That yet by worde, I may to her bewray
My wonderous woes: and then if yee so please,
Looke when you lust, let death my body ease. (man,

Thus praying fast, full fraught with cares, I leaue this wofull
And turne I will to greater græfe, then minde imagin can :
But who now shall them wit since wit, denayeth the some to
Confusedly in Thisbies best, that flow aboue the brinke? (thinke,
Not, I for though of mine owne store, I want no woes to write,
Yet lacke I termes and cunning both, them aptly to recite .
For Cünings clyffe I neuer clombe, nor dranke of Science spring
He slept vpon the happy hill, frõ whence Dame Rhetorique rings.
And therfore all, I doe omit, and wholly them resigne,
To iudgment of such wofull Dames, as in like case hath bin.

This will I tel how Thisbie thus, opprest with dollo:s all,
Doth finde none ease but day and night, her Pyramus to call :
For lost is slepe and banisht is, all gladsome lightes delight,
In short of ease and euery helpe, eche meane shee hath in spight :
In lango: long, this life shee led, till hap as fortune pleased,
To further fates that fast ensue, with her own thought her eased:
For this shee thinkes, what distance may, or mansions bee betwæen
O: where now stands so cruell wall, to part them as is seene
O feeble wit forduid with woe, awake thy wandering thought,
Seeke out, thou shalt assured finde, shall bring thy cares to nought.

With

of gallant Inuentions.

With this some hope, nay, as it were a new reuied minde,
Did promise straight her pensue hart, immediate helpe to finde :
And forth she steres, wth swiftest pace, ech place she seeks throughout
No stay may let her hasty foote, till all be beuied about.
Wherby at length from all the rest, a wall aloofe that lyes,
And corner wise did buydoings part, with ioyful eye she spies :
And scarcely then her pearcing looke, one blinke therof had got,
But that firme hope of good successe, within her fancy shot :
Then fast her eye she roules about, and fast she seekes to see,
If any meane may there bee found, her comfort for to bee :
And as her carefull looke shee cast, and euery part aright
Had beuied wel, a litle rift appeared to her sight,
Which (as it seemed) through the wall, the course the issue had :
Wherwith shee sayd (O happy wall) mayst thou so blisse be made,
That yet sometimes within thy bandes, my dere hart Pyramus :
Thou dost possesse if hap so worke, I will assay thee thus.
And from about the heauenly shape, her middle did present
Shee did vnlose heer girdle riche, and pendent therof hent.
And with her fingers long and small, on tipto so shee wrought,
That through the wall to open sight, she hath the pendant brought.
That done shee stapes, and to the wall she closely layes her eare,
To vnderstand if any wight, on th^e other side yet were :
And whiles to harken thus shee stands, a wonderous thing behold
Howe Pyramus in Venus Church, that all his minde had tolde.
Performed his vowes and prayers eke, now ended all and dun,
Doth to his Chamber fast returne, with hart right wo begun :
Euen to the same where Thisbie staid, to see if fortune please,
To smoothe her browes and her distresse, with any helpe to ease :
Hee as his wonted vsage was, the Chamber once within,
Lockes fast the doore with fresh complaynts, new sorrow to begin.
But euen lo as his backe hee turned vnto the closed doore,
A glimpse of light the pendant gaue, his visage iust before :
Let in his face, with speedy pace, and as hee nearer drew,
With wel contented minde forthwith, his Thisbies signe he knew
And when his trembling hand for ioy, the same receyued had,
And hee ten hundreth times it kist, then thus to it hee sayd.

The gorgeous Gallery

Though many tokens ioyful newes haue set,
And blisse redust, to carefull pynded ghost :
Yet mayst thou sweare, that neuer lyued hee yet.
Who halfe such ease, receined in pleasure most :
As thou swete pendant, now in wofull best
Imperlid hast, O happy Pyramus,
Say being a Lady, in whom such rathe can rest :
Most blisfull Lady, most mighty Venus,
And mighty Thisbie (yea) Venus not displeased,
My Coddie chace, my leue, my life and all :
For who but Thisbie would, nay could haue eased,
A hart remedyles, abandon thzall :
Wherfoze since thus ye please, to shew your might,
Make mee whole happy, with gladnesse of your sight.

Whiles Pyramus all clad in ioy, thus talkes within the wall,
No lesse content, doth Thisbie stand without and heareth al:
And wth those gladfom lightes, where loue doth sightly ioy to play,
And vanquish harts her loue shee bewes in minde somewhat to say
But maydely feare plucks backe y word, dread stops her trimbling
A rosy hew inflames her face, with staine of red among. (tongue,
Yet lo at length her minde shee stayes, her senses doe awake,
And with a sweet soft sounding voyce, this answer doth she make.

Loue Pyramus, more deare to mee then lyfe,
Euen as I first this way, for speech haue found :
Of present death, so let the dreadfull knyfe,
At this instant for euer mee confound :
If ioyfull thought my passing pen sive harte,
Did euer pearse, since parents cruell dome.
Pronounst the sentence, of our common smart,
No deare hart mine, for how alasse may blame :
The fading tree, whose sap deuided is,
Ye, further sweet, I dare with you presume :
Your passed woes, but pastimes ware I wis,
In their respect, that did mee whole consume.
But now sharpe sighes, so stop my willing speche,
Such streames of teares, doe dim my troubled sight :

And

of gallant Inuentions.

And inward feare, of parents wꝛath is such,
Least longer talke, should giue them any light
Of our repayze, that further to recyte,
By heaped yls I neuer dare ne may,
Yet oftenly, we wisely heare may meete :
At chosen times which shall vs not bewray,
And this for short, thy Thisbie shalt thou see :
With morning light, here present est to bee,
To this full fayne would Pyramus, replied haue agayne,
But part as neede, inforst they must, & as they did ordayne :
 Ere mornings dawne they do arise & straight repayze they then
Unto the foze appoynted place, Pyrame thus began.

Mine entyer soule, what prison dollours?
What hard distresse, and rare deuyled woes?

Of mee thine owne, thy captiue Pyramus,
Haue so sought, this life from boddy to vnlose :
Hard were to tell the tenth, that haue it strained,
With thought hereof, great wonders mee amaze :
How my poore lyfe, the halfe may haue sustayned,
O Thisbie mine owne, whom it only stayes.
And at whose will the fates do lend mee breath,
Yet may I not the fatall stroke eschew :
He scape the dinte of fast pursuing death,
Onles your bounty, present mercy shew :
And this I trust, there may no ielous thought,
Haue any place within my Thisbies brest :
To cause her daime, I am or may be caught.
With loue but hers wheron my life doth rest,
So bee assured, for yours I onely taste :
Yours was the first, and shall bee first and last,

Why my most sweet (quoth Thisbie) then agayne :
I doubt not I, but know ye are all true,
Or how may cause of your vndoubted payne :
With her be hyd, who houely as it grew,
None other felt, but euen what yee haue had :
Yet thinke not sweet, I taste your graces alone,

The gorgeous Gallery

O, make esteeme, as yee of mee haue made,
But ten times more, if that more wo begone,
Might euer be a wretched maydens best,
Where neuer yet, one iot of ioy might rest.
Well then my ioy, (quoth Pyrame) since yee please,
With so greater loue, to guerdon my good will:
Safe am I now, but great were mine ease,
If more at full, I might my fancy fill:
With nearer sight, of your most pleasant face,
O, if I might, your dayntie fingers straine:
O, as I wout, your body once embrace,
What say I ease: nay heauen then were my gayne.
Howbeit in bayne, in bayne (ay mee) I waste,
Both worde and winde, woes mee (alas) therfore:
For neuer shall my hart, O Thisbie taste,
So great an hap, nor neuer shall we more:
In folded armes, as wout were to beioyn,
Eche others state, ne neuer get the grace:
Of any ioy, vnlesse we doe assay,
To finde some meane for other meeting place.
Beholde (alas) this wicked cruell wall,
Whose cursed scyte, denyeth vs perfect sight:
Much more the hap, of other ease at all.
What if I should by force, as well one might:
And yet deserues, it batter flat to ground,
And open so, an issue large to make:
Yet feare I soze, this soner will redownde,
To our reproche, if it I vndertake:
As glad I would, then vs to helpe or ayde,
Sweet hart (quoth shee) wherewith shee stopt his tale:
This standes full yll: to purpose to be made,
And time it askes, too long for to pzeuayle:
Without suspect, to flat or batter euen,
Paytlesse, yee this, or what ye can deuise:
For our repaize, by thought that may be diuen,
Say but the meane, I will none otherwise.

of gallant Inuentions.

¶ Thisbie mine, in sooth, and say you so
(Quoth Pyramus) well then I doe you know :
Where King Minus, lyes buried long ago,
Whose auncient Tombe abone, doth ouergrow
A Mulbery, with bzaunches making shade,
Of pleasant show, the place right large about :
There if y^e please, when sleps hath overlade,
And with his might, the Cittie seal'de throughout :
At the same Well, whose siluer streames then runne,
And softe as silke, conserue the tender græne :
With hue so fresh, as springtied spent and dunne,
No winters weede, hath power to bee seene :
Without suspect, or feare of foule report,
There goddesse mine, w^e safely may resort.

To this shee said, what shee best thought, and oft and oft agayne,
Was talke renued, but yet at last, for ease of euery payne :
And death to eschue by other meane, who will them not forsake,
At Minus Tombe, euen y^e same night, they do their meeting make
And so depart, but soze God wot, that day doth them offend,
And though but short his long abode, the feare will neuer end.
And sooner doth not cloake of night, alofte his shadow cast,
But Thisbie mindefull of her loue, and promis lately past
Of fresh new loue, far fiercer flames, that erst her hart opprest,
Shee seith the force, and this (alas) deuozced stil from rest :
Shee passeth forth in carefull watch, till time haue shapen so,
That slepe wth sweet, soft stealing steps his custome vsage do
And when shee seeth both house and all drownd therein fast & deepe,
With fearful pace & trimbling hand, shee forwarde gins to creepe :
Shee gaines the doze, out goeth she then, & neyther far ne neare,
Appareth wyght saue Phebe sayze, with gladson seeming cheare
Hole Thisbie ioyfull of this guyde, both ay I trust it bee,
God lucke thy p^resence doth import, and bring at last to mee :
More hardyer then befoze shee did, p^ronoke her foote to hast,
No object giues her cause of let, till shee the towne haue past :
And when shee seeth the pleasant fields in safetie to haue gayned,
Then ioy therof all dzead deuoures, which erst her only payned.

What :

The gorgeous Gallery

What wil ye more, th'appointed place at length she doth attayne,
Till Fortune please her loue to send, there minding to remayne :
And whiles she doth the fountayn cleare, wth thoughtful hope behold
And euery let, her loue may stay, vnto her selfe vnfolde.

A dreadfull Lyon towne defendes, from Mountaine huge therby,
With thundring pace, whose sodain sight, whē Thisbie can espy :
No maruel was though terro^r then, & strangenes of the sight,
Within a simple maydens best, all counsaile put to flight.

Howbeit, though counsaile sayd, yet feare so did h^{er} place possesse,
That as the tender best, whose age no feare did yet oppresse :

Now seeth his foe, with rauening Jaw, him ready to receaue,
Sets winges vnto his littell legs, himselfe more sole to saue.

Euen so this Mayd, her enemy flies, vnto a hollow tree :

For succo^r flies, whose ruthful mone, did succo^r not denye: (wilde,
But close her keepes. The Lions scarce, that in the Mountayne
Deuoured had, new slaughtred beastes, & empty belly filde:

With mostell all embzude with blood, drawes to the cristall Well,
Hee dranke, and in his backe returne, this fatall hap befell.

Amid this way a kercheife white, which frighted Thisbie had
Let fall by chance, as feare and haste, vnto the tree her lad:

This Lion findes, and with his mouth, yet smoaking all in goze,
And armed pawes it staynes with blood, and all in sunder toze.

That done away hee windes, as fier of Hell, o^r Vulcans thunder
Blew in his taylor, o^r as his corps it seald to teare a sunder:

Now Pyramus who could not earst, the w^{ra}thfull house forgo,
Hath past the towne, and as hee drew the fountayn neare vnto :

The cloth hee spies, which when (alas) all stained so hee saw,

In sunder toze, the ground about, full trasse with Lyons paw :

The Silver streames with streakes of blood, besprent and troubled
And there again h^{er} cursed trace, the woful print to shew : (new,

A sure belæse did straight invade, his ouerlyuing minde,

That there the fatall ende (alas) of Thisbie was affinde :

And that her dainty flesh, of beastes a pray v^{er}meet was made,

Wherwith distrest with woodlike rage, the words he out abraide.

¶ The

of gallant Inventions .

The lamentacion of Piramus, for the losse
of his Loue Thisbie.

This is the day wherin my irksome life,
And I of lyuely bzeath, the last shall spend :
For death I dread, for fled is feare, care, strife,
Daunger and all, wheron they did depend :

Thisbie is dead , and Pirame at his ende,
For neuer shall reporte hereafter say :
That Pyrame lyu'de, his Lady tane away.
O soueraigne God, what straung outrageous woe,
Presents (alas) this cozsiue to my hart :
Ah sauage beast, how durst thy spight vndoe,
O seeke (woes mee) so perfect loue to part :
O Thisbie mine, that was , and only art,
My liues defence, and I the cause alone :
Of thy decay, and mine eternall mone.
Come Lyon thou, whose rage here only shew,
Aduaunce with speede, and doe mee eke deuoure :
For ruthlesse fact, so shalt thou pittie shew,
And mee (too) heere, within thy best restoze:
Where wee shall rest, togeather evermoze.
Ah, since thy corps, thou graues within thy wombe,
Denye mee not swæt beast, the selfesame tombe.
(Alas my ioy) thou parted art from mee,
By far moze cruell meane, then wonted fine :
O common law, of nature doth decree,
And that encrease, for woe, this gréepe of mine :
Of that beautie only , which was deuine,
And soueraigne most, of all that liued here :
No litle signe, may found be any where,
If the dead corps (alas, did yet remayne :
O great cruelty, O rage of fortune spight,
Moze gréeuous far, then any tongue may sayne :
To reue her life, and in my moze despight,
Mee to defraude of that my last delight :

The gorgious Gallery

Her once t'mbrace, or yet her visage pale,
To kisse full oft, and as I should bewaile.
But since from mee thou hast the meane outchast,
Of this poore ioy, thy might I heere desie :
For maugre thee, and all the power thou hast,
In Plutoes raigne togeather will wee bee:
And you my loue, since you are dead for mee,
Good reason is, that I for you agayne :
Receiue no lesse but euen the selfsame payne:
Ah Mulberie, thou witnes of our woe,
Right vnder thee assigned was, the place
Of all our ioy, but thou our common foo,
Consented hast, vnto her death alas :
Of beauty all, that had alone the grace,
And therfore as the chafe of others all,
Let men the Tree of deadly woe thee call.
Graunt our great God, for hono^r of thy name,
A guerdon of the woe, we shall here haue :
For I will iure, shee dead that rulde the same,
Pronounce (O Pluto) from thy hollow Caue :
Where staves thy raigne, and let this tree receiue,
Such sentence iust, as may a witness be,
Of dollour most, to all that shall it see.

And with those wordes, his naked blade hee fierly fro his side
Drewe, & through his brest, it forst wth mortal wound to glide,
The streames of gorey blood cut glush, but hee wth manly hart,
Careles, of death and euery payne, that death could them imparte.
His Thisbies kercheife hard hee straines, & kist with stedfast chere
And harder straine, and offer kist, as death him drewe more nere
The Mulberies whose hue before, had euer white lo bene,
To blackish collour straight transformed, & black ay since are seen.
And Thisbie then who all that while, had kept the hollow tree,
Least hap her Louers long abroad, may see me him mockt to be.
Shakes of all feare, and passeth forth in hope her loue to tell,
What terro^r great shee late was in, and wonderous case her fel :
But

of gallant Inventions.

But whē she doth appoche y^e tree, whose shadowe transformed were
 Abast she stands, & musing much, how by what way she should appere.
 Her Pyramus with sights profound, and broken voyce y^e plained,
 Shee hard: and him a kerchese saw, how hee hit kist and strained:
 Shee neuer drew, but whē the sword, and gaping wound she saw,
 The anguish great, shee had therof, her caus'd to ouerthrow
 In deadly swoone, and to her selfe shee beeing come agayne,
 With pittious playnts, and deadly dole, her loue shee did cōplayne
 That done, shee did her body leane, and on him softly lay,
 She kist his face, whose collour fresh, is spent and false away:
 Then to y^e sword these words she sayth: thou sword of bitter gall,
 Thou hast bereaued mee my Loue, my comfort ioy and all.
 With that deare blood (woes me) of his thy cursed blade doth shine
 Wherefore thinke not thou canst be free, to shed the same of mine,
 In life no meane, though wee it sought, vs to assemble could,
 Death shall, who hath already his, & mine shall straight unfold.
 And you O Gods, this last request, for ruth yet graunt it mee,
 That as one death wee should receiue, one Tombe our graue may
 With y^e agayn she oft him kist, & then shee speaketh thus: (Oe,
 O Louer mine, beholde thy loue (alas) my Pyramus.
 Yet ere I dye beholde mee once, that comfort not denye,
 To her with thee that liu'd and lou'd, and eke with thee will dye.
 The Gentilman with this, and as the lastest throwes of death,
 Did pearce full fast at that same stroke, to end both life and breath
 The voice hee knows, & euen therewith, castes vp his heauy eyes,
 And sees his loue, hee strives to speake, but death at hand denyes.
 Yet loue whose might, not thē was quēcht in spite of death gaue
 And causde frō bottō of his hart, these words to pas at lēgth (strength
 (Alas my loue) and liue ye yet, did not your life define,
 By Lyons rage the foe therof, and caus'd that this of mine
 Is spent and past, or as I thinke, it is your soule so deare,
 That seeks to ioy and hono: both, my last aduenture heare.
 Euen with that word, a profound sighe, from bottom of his hart,
 Out cast his corps and spirit of life, in sunder did depart:
 Then Thisbie este, with shrike so shrill as dynded in the skye,
 Sways down in swoone, shee est reuiues, & hents y^e sword hereby.

The gorgeous Gallery

Wherwith beneath her pap (alas) into her brest shee strake,
Saying thus with Iote for him, that thus dyed for my sake:
The purple Skarlet streames downe ran, & shee her close doth lay
Unto her loue him kissing still, as life did pyne away.

Lo thus they lou'd and died, and dead, one tombe the graued there,
And Mulberies in signe of woe, from white to blacke turnde were.

FINIS.

The lamentacion of a Gentilwoman vpon the death of her late deceased frend. William Gruffith Gent.

A doutfull, dying, dolefull, Dame,
Not fearing death, nor forcing life:
Nor caring ought for flitting fame,
Emongst such sturdy stormes of strife:
Here doth shee mourne and write her will,
Vpon her liked Louers ende:
Graunt (Muses nyne) your sacred skill,
Helpe to assist your mournfull freend:
Embouldned with your Nimphish ayde,
Shee will not cease, but seeke to singe:
And eke employ her willing head,
Her Gruffithes prayse, with ruche to ringe.



Vth Poets pen, I doe not preace to write,
Mineruas mate, I doe not boast to bee:
Parnassus Mount (I speake it for no spite)
Can cure my cursed cares, I playnly see:
For why? my hart containes as many woes
As euer Hector did amongst his foes.

Ecce

of gallant Inventions.

Each man doth mone, when saythfull friends his head,
And paynt them out, as well as wits doe serue:

But I, a Payde, am fozt to vse my head,
To wayle my frænd (whose sayth) did prayse deserue:

What wants to will: alas: no skill I haue,

Yet must I needes deploze my Gruffithes graue:

Foz William, white: foz Gruffith, græne: I woze,

And red, longe since did serue to please my minde:

Now, blacke, I weare, of mee, not vs'd befoze,

In lieu of loue, alas: this losse I finde:

Now must I leaue, both, White, and Græne, and Red,

And wayle my frænd, who is but lately dead.

Yet hurtfull eyes, doe bid mee cast away,

In open show, this carefull blacke attyre:

Because it would, my secret loue bewray,

And pay my pate, with hatred foz my hyze:

Though outwardly, I dare not weare thesame,

Yet in my hart, a web of blacke I frame.

Yon Ladies all, that passe not foz no payne,

But haue your loners lodged in your laps:

I craue your aydes, to helpe mee mourne amayne,

Perhaps your selues, shall feeble such carefull claps:

Which (God fozbid) that any Lady taste,

Who shall by mee but only learne to waste.

My wits be weake an Epitaphe to write,

Because it doth require a grauer stile:

My phrase doth serue but rudely to recite,

How Loners losse doth pinch mee all this while:

Who was as prest to dye foz Gruffithes sake,

As Damon, did foz Pithias vndertake.

But William had a worldly freend in stoze,

Who wzt his end to small effect (God knowes)

But I. and H. his name did show no moze,

Kime Kuffe it is, the common sentence goes,

It hangs at Pables as euery man goes by,

One ryme too low, an other rampes too hye.

The gorgeous Gallery

He prayd him but as his friends doe vse,
And uttered all the truth that God had sent :
But I: am she that neuer will refuse,
But as I am, so will I still be bent :
No blastes shall blow, my lincked loue awoye,
Oh: would the Gods, with Cruell I might dye.
Then had it been that I poore silly Dame,
Had, had no neede to blot this scratched scroule:
Then Virgins sit, had not set forth the same,
How God hath gripte, my Cruellies sacred soule :
But wee is mee, I liue in pinching payne,
No wight doth know, what sorowes I sustayne.
Unhappy may that doo woe day bee nam'd,
Wherin I first, possesse my vitall breath :
And eke I wish, that day that I was fram'd,
In stead of life I had receiued death :
Then with these woes, I needed not to waste,
Which now (alas) in euery bayne I taste.
Some Zoylus sot, will thinke it lightly donee,
Because I mone, my mate, and louer, so
Some Momus match, this scroule will ouerronne,
But loue is lawlesse, euery wight doth know :
Sith loue doth lend mee such a freendly scope,
Disdaynfull dogs I may despise (I hope)
Wherfore I doe, attempt so much the more,
By this good hope, to shew my slender arte :
And mourne I must (who) neuer marckt before,
What fretting force doe holde eche heauy hart :
But now I see that Cruellies greedy graue,
Doth make mee feeble, the fits which louers haue.
My mournfull Muse, (good Ladies) take in worth,
And spare to speake the worst, but iudge the best :
For this is all, that I dare publish forth,
The rest recorded is, within my brest :
And there is lodg'd, for euer to remayne,
Till God doth graunt (by death) to ease my payne.

And

of gallant Inuention

And when that death is come to pay,
With all the paynes, that heere can be,
Yet to my Gruffith, will I still be true,
Pay death, holde life, my minde is thus bent:
Befoze I will our secret loue disclose,
To Tantalus paynes, my body I dispose.
So line I shall, when death hath spitt her spight,
And Lady (Fame) will spread my prayse I know:
And Cupids Knights, will neuer cease to write,
And cause my name, thzough (Europe) for to flow:
And they that know what (Cupid) can pzeuayle,
Will blesse the ship, that floates with such a sayle.
If I had part of Pallas learned skill,
Or if (Caliope) would lend her ayde:
By tracte of time, great volumes I would fill,
My Gruffithes prayse in wayling verse to spread:
But (I pze I) as I haue sayd befoze,
Doe wayle, to want, Mineruas learned loze.
By helpe (I hope) these ragged rymes shall goe,
Entituled as loners lyues should bee:
And scape the chydng chaps of euery foe,
To prayse that man, who was best likte of mee:
Though death hath shapte, his most untimely end,
Yet for his prayse, my tristie tunes I send.
In hope, the Gods who guide the heauens aboue,
His buried corps, alieue agayne will make:
And haue remozre of Ladys linked loue,
As once they did for good Admetus sake:
Or change him els, into some flower to weare,
As erst they did, transfozme Narcissus sayze.
So should I then, possesse my former frend,
Restor'd to lyfe, as Alcest was from Hell,
Or els the Gods, some flagrant flower would send,
Which for his sake, I might both weare and smell:
Which flower, out of my hand shall neuer passe,
But in my harte, shall haue a sticking place.

But too is mee, for I am in dayne,
 Some delight: come, or I shall curse care:
 To blisfull blockes (I see) I doe complayne,
 And reape but onely sorrow for my share:
 For well I know that Gods nor sprites can cure,
 The paynes that I for Cruell doo endure.
 Since wayling, no way can remedy mee,
 To make an ende, I therfore iudge it best:
 And drinke by all, my sorrow secretly,
 And as I can, I will abide the rest:
 And sith I dare not mourne, to open shewe,
 With secret sighes and teares, my hart shall flow.
 Some busie bryane, perhaps will aske my name,
 Disposd much, some tidings for to marke:
 That dare I not: for feare of flying fame,
 And eke I feare least byting bugs will barke:
 Therfore farewell, and aske no more of mee,
 For (as I am) a Louer will I dye.

FINIS.



